



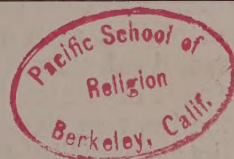
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY



Volume 47, No. 4

January, 1933



Lion Feuchtwanger At Work

By Joseph Brainin

Articles and Reviews by

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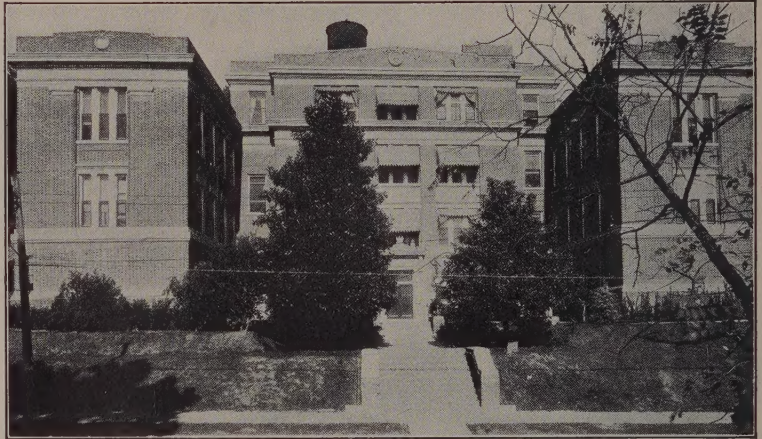
Back in the Limelight

By Philip Slomovitz

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We Must Heed This Cry!

Right: Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital, Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas.



The Need Is Greater This Year Than Ever Before

FOR eighteen years this Hospital has kept its doors open to the indigent without cost, and has ministered to more than 50,000 men, women and children. What such a service means in human values is beyond calculation. In these times of financial stress, funds have been lacking, and we have borrowed to the limit so that the doors of the hospital could remain open. The work of saving human life must go on. We cannot shut the door of hope in the face of the thousands of sick and poor who look to us for renewed courage and life. In this perplexity we are appealing to the individual members of B'nai B'rith for immediate help.

The need is greater now than ever before! Every dollar counts. 4,000 sick and poor stretch out their arms in their appeal to YOU to send in YOUR contribution today. Don't delay! Send in the coupon printed below to Rabbi A. B. Rhine, Executive Secretary, Hot Springs, Ark.



Above: Services in the Strauss Chapel at the Hospital.

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And he that satisfieth abundantly
shall be satisfied also himself."*

—Book of Proverbs.

The Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

A. B. RHINE, Executive Sec'y. A. B. FREY, President

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

And Now to the Year 1933

SO goes the year 1932 and may it be remembered only to emphasize the years of happiness that are to come; even as a white light stands more gleaming against a dark background.

May it be a remembrance for humility in good years when the spirit of man becomes proud again; let 1932 be remembered in such times with such meditations as these . . . "A bitter year it was and we were humbled by its adversity. For, whoever had been proud and had stood apart saw he was caught in one devastation with all other men. We became grateful for the small possessions that were left to us. People said, 'We should be thankful for our good health', 'We are grateful that we still have our daily bread', or 'We thank God that we still have a roof to shelter us'. And families said, 'We should be thankful that we still have each other'."

If this is remembered in the good years, the travail of 1932 will not have been in vain. We will not again be swollen with pride of being important, for we will remember that once we were helpless, like dust in the winds. We will not seek wealth far beyond our needs, for we will remember the time we were grateful for no more than our health.

We will be content with modest prosperity, remembering that once we were comforted because the roof guarded us well against the rain.

But will we remember these things? If 1933 comes with abundance to fill our hands, will we go running with buckets and barrels again to gather more than our need? Will we resume the fierce pursuit, and ache again with a hunger for riches that is never filled?

We are not sure that man long remembers his lessons. He is prone to stumble back into the pit from which he was rescued. He forgets. Often he returns and falls in again.

So, in wishing a happy new year, we wish that the becoming humility that now clothes men will remain with them as an abiding grace. Doubly sad would be this suffering if it were quickly forgotten.

* * *

The Tragedy of Poland

THERE are about 3,500,000 Jews in Poland; 3,000,000 of them are paupers and 490,000 are destitute. The rest can barely make a living." . . . So says Emil Lengels in his book on Poland, "The Cauldron Boils."

Gentler were the Russians with their pogroms. Theirs were sporadic outbreaks against communities but this is the destruction of a people. This is the slow, torturous strangling of economic life . . . social ruin, starvation.

From the Russians there was escape to America whose doors were flung open; but the Polish Jews are trapped. Whither in the world to go?

The world looks at a vast devastation of Jews and, if called to account, Poland may answer, "We are very sorry . . . economic forces, you know . . . beyond our control."

"Economic forces" leave no blood on the hands. Crude were the Russians with their clubs, less efficient. The pogrom was limited in destructive power, but "economic forces" leave no Jew unhurt.

One remembers well the hopeful days after the war when Poland was set up as a Republic and rapt patriots remembered Kosciuszko gratefully. There was to be a new day for Jews blessed by new freedom. The Austrian Empire was partitioned and a portion of it went to Poland, and the Jews of these separated lands were deemed happy to fall into the hands of these liberty-loving Poles.

Those who have survived have learned that these hands are as hard as steel and leave no mark of violence on the throat . . . "Economic forces!"

So the recent outbreaks of physical assault on Jews all over Poland seem but an anti-climax. The hooligans have attacked a body already prostrate. Their blows fall on men already numbed to pain by long-suffering.

The Polish government takes steps to protect the Jews against this violence. It exclaims with expressions of outrage. This is like the incendiary who comes belated to put out the conflagration he started.

"My poor Jews," weeps the Polish government over the bloody heads in which the machinations of "economic forces" long ago have crushed hope and courage.

* * *

Another Respite for the Jews

SO Hitler has been put off again and in the new chancellor Von Schleicher the Jews of Germany believe they have an honest defender if not an ardent friend.

Nor do they crave for high friends with special favors; they require no more than justice, and this, they feel, is assured under Von Schleicher. He belongs to

the Junker class which, if it does not love Jews, cherishes the good repute of Germany and is determined to keep it untarnished.

It is for that reason that strong men of Germany have twice snatched the power from Hitler's hands. Those who guard the good name of Germany felt that he was not to be trusted with it and were determined to deprive him even if it took an act of dictatorship repugnant to republics.

It appears that Von Schleicher's hands are stronger than Von Papen's even. He has had no part in anti-Semitic propaganda or has ever given himself to anti-Semitic act or utterances. He has, indeed, on more than one occasion indicated his abhorrence of anti-Semitism as a thing that is injurious to Germany.

This attitude suggests that the strong hand of Von Schleicher will not be wanting if the Nazis again attempt to foment attacks against the Jews. Von Papen meant well, expressed himself firmly for the equal rights of all German groups, but his authority was lacking in respect among the Nazis.

But Hitler will continue a dreadful shadow hanging on Jewish life in Germany as long as Germany suffers its present economic affliction. Of course, it suffers with the whole world, but for Germany is the added affliction of a nation defeated in a war and crushed even more by the peace.

Hitler will be liquidated when these inequities are set aside by juster settlements than those which were made in the spirit of hate and vengeance that flamed on the earth in 1919. The world must face the facts of 1932.

* * *

Certainly, He Was One of Us

SOME of the rabbis have been debating: Was Baruch Spinoza really one of us? One argues that his philosophy was not Jewish, that he was not greatly distressed when he was excommunicated, that he put aside his Jewish name even and became Benedictus instead of Baruch. Another says, "The synagogue need not accept Spinoza's doctrine but Jewry may well acclaim his life."

We remember the story of the large house in which were many windows and each day every child in the house went to a window to gaze upon the beauty that could be seen through its glass. And in the evening they came together, each to tell what he had seen; and each had seen something which his brother had not, though all had looked at the glory of the same mountain.

One had seen a bird attempting to lift itself to the peak of the mountain, and when the mist had dissolved another had observed a flaming red flower growing from a crevice between rocks, and another was sure he had seen the face of God in a formation of a great rock at a moment when the sun shone brightest.

Thus, with what this one and that had seen they created together a loveliness of the mountain that was not to be seen by the eyes of any one.

So it is with the house of Israel. It is not a house with one window. The children look through its many windows, and even today not all Jews see God alike and agree upon His nature. Aye, not all Jews agree on what it means to be a Jew and each in his own way expresses his concept of being Jewish.

The children come together and tell what they see

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through the many windows and that which all together see makes the picture of Jewish life and Jewish culture and religion.

Baruch Spinoza was one of the children looking through one of the many windows. He saw God as being not apart from the universe but in-dwelling in it.

Who may say, "He was not one of us because he did not look through my window."

* * *

The Students Face the Facts

THE following editorial is significant because it was taken from the *Hillel Post*, official publication of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois, and represents the opinion of the students themselves:

"During the current year, for the first time, students have begun to hear of the serious financial difficulties which are being faced by the Hillel Foundation. Throughout the decade that the Foundation has ministered to student needs on the Illinois campus, the mechanics of its finance have not been thrust upon the student's attention. The building was there, affairs were sponsored, classes were conducted, religious services were provided, and

score of other activities were handed on a silver platter to the Jewish student group. Other Foundations made annual crusades appealing for funds, but Hillel continued to minister, fed apparently by heavenly manna.

"It may be well to explain the source of the manna. Eight years ago B'nai B'rith, the largest and most important international Jewish organization, became sponsor for the Hillel idea. It generously provided the funds for each of the Foundations. These funds were raised through national appeals to far-visioned Jewish citizens who, in the good years, contributed unstintingly and enthusiastically. So long as the burden was carried by American Jews as a whole there was no necessity to tax those who received the specific benefits from the Foundation.

"But now! For more than a year the old sources of revenue have shrivelled up. Funds come into the National Office with disconcerting infrequency, and each Foundation must now face the task, resolutely, of stabilization. Already budgets have been pruned mercilessly, cut to the bone. But even with the most stringent economies the financial crisis is unallayed.

"It is unnecessary to say to the Jewish student group that the Foundation must not close. This much is surely patent. Hillel, representing but 7% of the University population, is easily the most flourishing institution of its kind on the campus. Its courses in religion minister to twenty times as many students as are registered by all the other Foundations combined. Its Forum is the outstanding extra curricular activity in the Twin Cities. Its religious services crowd the Temple regularly. Its social program creates a genuine "home away from home" for Jewish students in their most difficult period of adolescent adjustment. Can all of these achievements be permitted to languish? Only those who remember the chaotic, disorganized aimless Jewish life on our campus before the Foundation came can realize its basic importance.

"What can the student do? Within a short time a definite program for assistance will be presented to our Jewish student body. But in the interval Jewish students can be of enormous assistance if they would write to their parents to tell them of the part that Hillel plays in their student life. Every city is being combed for support. The parents of the Jewish student body should be the first to step forward with offers of assistance in such a critical period. Many of them, however, do not know the true importance of the Hillel program. An honest letter home will create the enthusiasm which, we feel sure, will be translated into tangible support. And then, but only then, will the program of Hillel continue to develop so that succeeding generations of Jewish students may benefit from it."

* * *

When It Will Be a Total Loss

IT was in 1920 that the late Louis Marshall said: "I regard the extension of religious education as the most vital need of the community; more important even than hospitals, orphan asylums, homes for the aged and all other philanthropic institutions, however valuable I consider them to be."

Today the need is not for extension of Jewish education but we have come to a tragic struggle for the survival of our Jewish schools. Here and there voices are heard which suggest that Jewish education is a lux-

ury which we ought to reduce to a minimum in a time like this.

Indeed, this is an attitude that is directed not only against Jewish education. All over the country men are heard denouncing "the frills of education" by which they mean all the progress that has been made in the methods of education during the past twenty years. Again is heard that argument for social decay: "What was good enough for us is good enough for our children."

We Jews, particularly, are under solemn responsibility for our religious education. These schools that some men have come to regard as luxuries are inheritances which have been handed down to us by martyrs. They perished rather than surrender this Torah which is the fundamental of our schools. When ruin fell upon them (as it did often), when they were pillaged of all their possessions and expelled, they were not conscious of total loss if the Scroll of the Law was saved from the synagogue.

Much have Jews lost in these evil years... Houses, stores, stocks, bonds... But the loss will be total only when they have abandoned this inheritance. The good life that must be built again can stand solid only on the foundation of spiritual power.

We remember the story of the Jew who was dying and called his children together... Nothing of material value had he to leave them; neither of money, lands or cattle.

"But," he said, "I have been faithful to give you the Torah. Out of this you will make your lives."

* * *

A Piece of Impudence Scored

WE are glad that an American court has seen fit to reject a piece of impudence that contained the meanest propaganda of anti-Semitism.

In the year 1929 a car driven by Harold A. Green of Toronto, a Jew, suffered an accident in Rye, N. Y., and three of Green's passengers were injured. Green was insured in the London Guarantee and Accident Co., Ltd. After negotiating for a settlement with the insurance company, the three injured passengers sued that institution and were awarded damages in the Canadian courts.

Later the company repudiated all liability. Green, it charged, had obtained the policy by fraud... What was the fraud?

In his application for the policy Green had stated he was a Canadian, born in Canada, which, indeed, he was. But, the company answered, he could not be a Canadian since he was a Jew. The alleged fraud lay in the fact that he called himself a Canadian.

This was the first attempt ever made on this side of the world to make a case in court of the accusation of European anti-Semites that the Jew is an alien even in the country of his birth. It is sad to record that in the enlightened dominion of Canada a court was found to sustain this allegation.

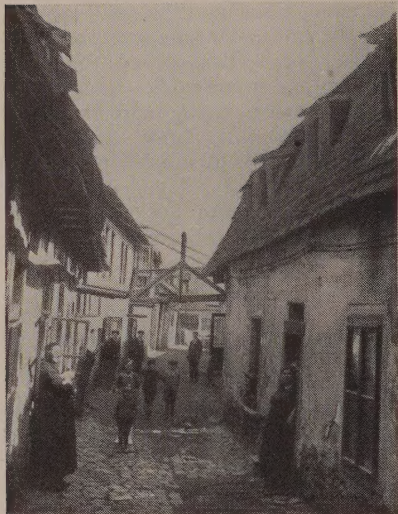
Then the three victims filed separate suits in Philadelphia. At the trial an attempt was made by the defendant company to introduce the decision of the Canadian court which had held that, in claiming to be a Canadian, Green had committed fraud. This was not admitted into the evidence.

The American jury was interested only in the facts of the accident. And on these facts the jury returned a verdict against the company.

It was more than a victory for the victims. It was a pulling of the poisonous fangs of anti-Semitism.

Opportunities That Pass

By CECIL ROTH



One of the ghetto sections of Budapest, which is rapidly changing its character in the face of modern progress. Below, the monument to Otto Lilienthal, one of Germany's pioneer aviation experimenters.



JEWISH scholarship has been over-concentrated hitherto on the written or printed word. It was the reaction, presumably, from the uncritical pre-Mendelssohnian era, when everything was accepted on trust which began this. But at the same time it is in a sense a survival of the old ideals of the exclu-

sive study of a Talmudical text, extended in scope and applied to a wider field. The cause of the phenomenon is, however, a matter of very minor importance. The significant fact is that Jewish scholars and Jewish institutes of learning throughout the world have been directing their attention almost exclusively, during the past half-century of feverish activity, upon texts old and new, and the information to be derived from them. Nothing wrong, of course, in this. Historical and literary studies must always remain based predominantly, if not overwhelmingly, upon documents, whether printed or manuscript. A point, however, which needs accentuating, and more in Jewish than in non-Jewish circles, is that there are other records than these. There are archaeological fragments; there are artistic monuments; and, above all, there is human memory.

There is no need to go into the comparative importance of these various sources. It may be conceded, perhaps, that the conventional books and manuscripts are the most valuable. They have, however, a quality that the others lack. They are not likely, excepting by sheer accident or deliberate carelessness, to be destroyed. After they are housed in a great library, they are reasonably safe. No opportunity should be lost of enriching the various great collections with fresh material. But, once such acquisitions are made, there is no peculiar urgency to hasten research and publication.

So far as non-documentary sources go, matters are very different. They are, frequently, less tangible. They are always less transferrable. And, what is most significant, they are of such a nature that the present feverish march of "civilization" is in many cases imperilling their very existence.

Let us take the most obvious and (it would seem) the most indestructible category—that of architectural monuments. It would seem *a priori* that no great anxiety need be felt concerning their future. They are



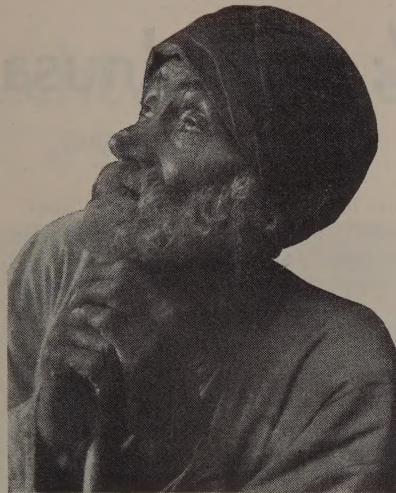
The Sephardic cemetery in New York, with the Elevated in the background, symbolic of the encroachment of the machine age upon relics of the past. Below, the Rothschild home in Frankfort. How long can such places escape eradication?

to all intents and purposes imperishable, and in ten, or twenty, or a hundred years' time they will still be awaiting the investigator. That was true, perhaps (though only to a qualified degree), up to a few years ago. However, in the post-war period, a mania for reconstruction has swept over the whole of Europe. Now, as



it happens, the Jewish quarters in the medieval world always tended to be in the center of the city—most convenient for business as well as for surveillance. Hence, they have suffered disproportionately in the course of the recent alterations. At Rome, the last vestiges of the old Ghetto have disappeared within the last decade. At Rovigo, not only the Jewish quarter, but also the old synagogue have been demolished. Most tragic, perhaps, has been the case at Verona, where the Via dei Portici—the old Ghetto—with the Corte Spagnuola where the Sephardic synagogue was situated, and the Vicolo Sagatino where the *shochet* plied his craft, and the Ghetto Nuovo which was added when the area became too small for its inhabitants, have all been replaced during the course of the past couple of years by brand-new edifices laid out rectangulary, on the American plan, so that even the names and the configuration of the picturesque old streets have been entirely submerged.

In Italy, perhaps, the matter is of minor importance, for (in the north of the country at least) archeological remains of the sort date in the main from the Renaissance period and after. Germany can no doubt be left to look after itself. England has little or nothing to look after. But the mania for reconstruction is nowhere so advanced as it is in Spain, where in some places the whole of the old center of the city has recently been razed to the ground in order to be rebuilt in the approved modern style. Here, the Jewish quarters and synagogues, if they exist, go back to the fifteenth century at the very latest; but this antiquity, and this unique interest, are not likely to affect the minds of those responsible for the reconstruction. It is to be feared, accordingly, that more than one ancient Spanish synagogue, of great archeological importance, has disappeared within the last couple of years. At the close of the last century, two pre-Expulsion places of worship, both subsequently devoted to Catholic purposes, were to be seen at Segovia. Now, one has been burned down, and the other has disappeared. At Saragosa, the case is much the same. At Tomar, in Portugal, an enthusiastic Jew was just in time to purchase for a trivial sum a thirteenth-century synagogue which was on the point of being sold



Top: A Moroccan Jew; Center: Jews of the Caucasus; Bottom: A Cairo synagogue.

to the Seventh Day Adventists, who are hardly likely to have been interested in its architectural amenities. Another, of rare beauty, is lying in ruins at Oporto. There is another, according to report, at Ronda. These are only one or two tragic instances which have come to the notice of the present writer, but there must be dozens more. The old *Juderias*, which served as the scene of the Jewish life which is now stilled forever, is, of course, threatened to an equal or greater extent. The actual archeological significance of all these edifices is not perhaps great, from the secular point of view. However, for the Jewish world, monuments of the sort have a unique importance. Those which are still standing are all too few, and steps should be taken to study and investigate them before it is too late. It may not be possible in every instance to save them from destruction. But they can at least be recorded, described, and photographed; and the material thus amassed will be of immense value to the Jewish historian in the future. With every year, or month, or even week that passes, the opportunities may become fewer.

Just as the former Jewish quarter occupied frequently a valuable position in the center of the city, the Cemetery, on what was formerly its outskirts, has often come to acquire a considerable value as a potential building site. In more than one instance, in recent years, it has been expropriated, and dwelling-houses constructed on the hallowed soil. At Verona, for example, the two ancient cemeteries—one of them dating back to the sixteenth century at least—were recently condemned to this fate. More important is the case at Salonica, where the "House of Life" which served the community throughout its period of glorious supremacy, and where scores of persons renowned in the Jewish past were laid to rest, is now under sentence. It is not likely that execution can be averted. Before the final desecration takes place, however, the inscriptions on the tombs ought to be carefully copied, and the more important ones photographed. Four and a half centuries ago, when the Spanish communities lay under the sentence of expulsion, an enthusiast at Toledo copied out the epitaphs which were to be found in the time-

(Continued on page 126)

"Volodjka": An Unusal Convert

By DAVID GOLDBERG



HE most precious recollection of my stay in the Sharon is the quick and alert lad I met there, who was introduced to me as "Volodjka," somewhat of an incongruous name in the "land of the Jews," seeing that "Volodjka" is the diminutive of a typically Russian name, Vladimir, and is even more typically Russian in its diminutive form. Who is this Hebrew speaking gazelle, the unspoiled pet of the settlement, who is allowed to pass by that name?

The overseer of the orange groves told me the story.

BORN of true Russian stock, Volodjka very early began to register upon his sensitive soul the effects of the persecutions of the Russian Orthodox Church against dissenters, for Volodjka's parents were found to be converts to the Sabbatarian faith, a sect more rigorously harrassed in old Russia than the other forms of Protestantism, by reason of the semblance of their creed to Judaism. But the relentless hand of the persecutor only tended to confirm the converts in their new faith, and at last, in secret conclave with other Sabbatarians whom they had met in exile, the family vowed complete allegiance to the Jewish faith, turned "gerim," and designated the Holy Land as the ultimate goal of their new faith.

Now, Palestine can be reached from Russia only after crossing several borders, and that was not even to be thought of, because the World War was on and the passport requirements along the frontiers were naturally more rigid than ever.

The year 1922 arrived and Volodjka, a son of old age, who had then reached his thirteenth year, was confirmed in the precepts of his new, Jewish faith. Following the customs at such celebrations, the confirmant rose to deliver a "speech." This was the occasion for Volodjka to promise to assume all the responsibilities of a confirmed "Son of the Commandment."

But he said nothing of the sort.

This is what he said instead: "*Batiushka*, my little father, I am now thirteen, a Son of the Commandment, strong enough to go at the bidding of our gracious God. You will let me go from you, *Batiushka*, to find my way to the Holy Land, alone. No one will hurt me, for I shall hurt no one in turn. Then you will come, too, and mother, and the other members of the scattered family, and we will be united once more before our neighbors and the priests have found us out. Bless me, my beloved parents!"

The stratagem which Volodjka employed on his long journey from the Caucasus to the Holy Land was in a sense no stratagem at all, but only what most people would call downright credulity. At each frontier he approached the sentry with some such naive confession as this: "*I am a Russian refugee heading for Palestine. I am strong, willing to work for my bread and lodging, and will accept no alms. Please, brother in God, help me. I cannot and will not turn back. Please, brother in God, let me pass. . . .*"

And the sentries let him pass. Armenian, Persian, and Turk, they found no heart to shoot down the lad who wouldn't go back, nor turn him over to the authorities. Three years thus passed upon Volodjka, and he was now sixteen and in Constantinople.

But the Promised Land was still three days away by sea, and Volodjka, now three years older, could no longer sail by the wind of his childish naivete. He knew that sea borders are hard to evade, yet his faith moved him on and on. "*No one will hurt me, as I will hurt no one,*" he said to himself for the last time, and stowed himself away on a Jaffa-bound vessel, sailing from the Bosphorus.

For three days and three nights Volodjka lay there at the bottom of the vessel without food. But his was a strong physique, and the burning faith made him stronger still. At last the vessel stood still and Volodjka began to stir.

Now, ships of any tonnage at all

are obliged to anchor some two miles or so away from the Jaffa harbor, by reason of the rocky approach to it, and Volodjka saw in this circumstance his coveted opportunity. At about two in the morning, when life aboard and ashore was at its lowest ebb, he plunged into the water, relying on his sense of direction to land him away from the port authorities.

But Volodjka hadn't reckoned on the heavy dew which sets upon that region in the early morning hours. He swam and swam until his strength began to give out, and still there was no shore. Where were those lights he had seen from the ship? They were extinguished now. For the first time since that memorable resolution on the day of his Confirmation, Volodjka grew faint of heart, and he turned over on his back and gave up.

There lay at the time in the bay of Jaffa the private yacht of the Baron Edmond d'Rothschild, the great patron of colonial Palestine, then on a visit to the Holy Land. From it a powerful reflector cast its searching rays in all directions, and Volodjka's head was caught by one of these rays just when it was going under.

Volodjka was taken into the yacht as a French, not a British, trophy. In undressing him, they found upon his body, in a pocket close to his heart, a celluloid-bound Hebrew prayer book, with the Russian translation; accordingly, the Baron, and not the British authorities, was notified first.

It took hours to revive Volodjka, but no sooner did he come to when he directed himself to the Baron thus: "*Dear Sir, I am a Ger (a Gentile who has accepted the Jewish faith), and a runaway from Russia. I gave my last breath to reach the Holy Land*" . . . and he lost consciousness once more.

The Baron pleaded with him after awhile: "Son, you are only a lad and you do not understand what you are doing. You cannot land in Palestine against the law, and there is nothing there for you anyway. Not just yet. But if you remain with me on the

(Continued on page 125)

Lion Feuchtwanger at Work

By JOSEPH BRAININ



ALTHOUGH Lion Feuchtwanger, who is in this country for a short visit, is one of the most hated and most beloved authors of Central Europe, his biography is rather uninteresting. He spends his life in his study and lets his books fight his battles. He hails from a more or less typical German Jewish home. His father was a physician, I believe, a man who combined Jewish and secular learning. Lion Feuchtwanger studied philology and prepared himself for an academic career. Slowly but surely, however, he drifted into literature. His intellectual biography is contained in his "Success"; in it all his reactions to contemporary Germany are revealed. His views on things Jewish you will find in "Josephus," which is to be followed by a second volume, now in preparation. His views on Zionism (he is not a Zionist), on Hitler

whom he regards as a clown), and on Bolshevism (he sympathizes with Communism) are well known.

One could give you gossip paragraphs on his everyday life. For instance, that he writes the first draft of his novels on pink paper, the second on blue, the third on green, and so on until at last he reaches the final version, for which he takes paper of virgin white; that he likes wines, but not spirits; that he is a vegetarian by inclination but a meat-eater in practice; and so on. But that would hardly convey to you an idea of the real Lion Feuchtwanger.

The man Feuchtwanger is a winning, modest personality, small of stature and, although he is clean-shaven, with the face of a *Yeshiva* *bochur*. His melodious voice becomes metallic when he speaks English. There is always a humoristic



Lion Feuchtwanger dictating to his wife in his study near Berlin.

twist in his utterances and a never-absent sense of humor lurks behind his every serious statement. With no other author does one realize so definitely that the man and the author are inseparably one. It was for this reason that in the course of several meetings with him I extracted his views on his own literary work. They explain him better and more vividly than any other data which a necessarily limited magazine article could present.

If printing had never been invented and writers were condemned to starvation today (as many of them are, modern printing devices notwithstanding) Lion Feuchtwanger would still be devoting the major part of his life to creative literary work. For despite his various autobiographic denials of it he enjoys writing.

In his beautiful villa at Grunewald, near Berlin, surrounded by a grand-seigneurial estate, Feuchtwanger lives the life of a literary world's champion intent on keeping in the pink of creative condition. He may squirm, grow restless, irritable, hard to manage—in short, show all the symptoms of a too intensely trained athlete; nevertheless he loves this existence to the last bitter drop. True, Feuchtwanger devotes a few hours daily to actual physical exercise under the watchful eye of a private trainer; but with a few minor interruptions his day consists of research reading, writing, dictating, cutting, editing, rewriting and more rewriting. The production of his work, from the exhilarating first moment of conception through the painful process of execution, provides him with the great thrills of his life.

Once you realize that, you understand Feuchtwanger. Those tremen-

dous canvasses which he unrolls for your delectation in "Power," "Success," "The Ugly Duchess," and "Josephus" are the result of the great creative passion that devours him. He belongs to that vanishing species of writers who possess a veritable *joie de créer*. He forgets the book market, publishers' demands, his immediate vicinity, and completely submerges himself in the world he creates. In the midst of his work on a novel he will speak about the personages of his manuscript as of living people. His interest in them transcends by far the boundaries of the intended volume. He has a genuine curiosity about them, and he must satisfy it for his own sake.

During his work on "Success" he "took Tüverlin (a character in the novel) for a walk more than once and had many a serious talk with Johan-

na" (another character in the same book).

You can ask Feuchtwanger point-blank whether Süß slept on his right side or on his left, or whether Rabbi Gabriel (of "Power") snored, and—although these items are not contained in the novel—he will answer you without hesitation. This is because his characters have all the dimensions of life. They have a complete existence of which only a fragment appears on the printed page. It is this invisible yet ever-present background of a full life for his characters which gives such reality to his novels.

Expresses Personal Ego

Speaking about his own attitude toward literary creativeness, the author of "Josephus" says: "The author, like every other artist, does not appeal to the logical sense of the reader but to his receptiveness. Literary artists do not create for any particular ethical purpose. There are some who are not interested in money. Yes, there are even some who would be willing to do without public recognition (Feuchtwanger is one of them). They want only to express themselves. They want to express their own personal ego in the most perfect and complete manner. Naive, presumptuous as they are, they expect that you, the reader, will be interested in that ego.

"I, for example, am exceptionally skeptical when somebody tries to prove to me with exact details, just what hell looks like. But when I read Dante, his fiery city terrifies me more than the most formidable German recruiting sergeant. Or if in real life I should meet a man who wasted considerable time and chose the most roundabout way to seduce a little seamstress, then deserted her when she had a child by him and yet suffered terrible pangs of conscience when it is too late—if I met such a man on any ordinary Thursday, I should think him unusually awkward and inefficient and should not waste three minutes on his trivial story. But when I read Goethe's 'Faust,' the same story seems to be the stirring, deeply moving experience of a great and profound personality.

"Emotions which otherwise lie deeply buried in your subconscious mind and can be drawn out only by means of a complicated scientific process can be released by art in the simplest way. Nowhere else do you have the possibility of ridding yourself in so respectable a manner of

good and bad emotions for which you ordinarily have no use. You can be a villain or a great man, a murderer or his victim, puritan or sensualist, patriotic heroine or film cottie, emperor or waiter, Einstein or Hitler."

It was in the Café Royal, on New York's East Side, that we—Feuchtwanger, Lewis Browne, the charming Mrs. Browne, and the present writer—discussed, the other day, Feuchtwanger's preference for historical novel writing. I think it was the author of "Blessed Spinoza" who asked the author of "Josephus" whether contemporary readers are interested in historical novels when they might just as well read books on history.

Feuchtwanger's views on this are worth quoting:

"Of course you could simply turn to the best books of exact historical science to learn about the what, how and why of the past. But, believe me, it is no unworthy instinct that leads to the historical novel. The scientific report, the bare statement of facts, however thorough it may be, is seldom able to call up the feelings and images of your pre-natal life. For instance, when you learn that even up to the middle of the eighteenth century innocent young women were burned as witches, and that a century earlier human beings suffered violent death because they believed a communion cup contained wine and not the blood of Jesus, perhaps you will wonder a little at these historical facts. But you will hardly associate yourself with them, you will hardly be stirred by them. The author, however, if he is a genius, can arouse you to such a point that you want to let yourself be killed for the conviction that the blood of Jesus is in the communion cup, that you want to burn the witches yourself.

Discusses Historical Novel

"I know the objections to the historical novel. It is said that it is a mongrel, an illegitimate cross-breed between science and art. A historical novel is charged with being neither fish nor fowl. When you read it you feel a most annoying uncertainty as to how much of it is true. Sometimes you find out afterwards that just the part which interested you most cannot be proved historically.

"It would be a great mistake to accuse the author of having cheated you. Take it from me: science and the historical novel have nothing to

do with each other. The justification of a historical novel is not the exactness of its subject-matter but the creative ability of its author. If you have faith in the author the historical novel is truth for you; if you doubt it crumbles away. For the author whether he is speaking of Cleopatra or Napoleon, is speaking only for himself. The real Napoleon is quite unimportant to him; what he wants to give you is only the combination of thoughts, pictures, desires, and associations which the word Napoleon awakes in him. He doesn't claim to add anything novel, any new fact to what we know about Napoleon. But he is firmly convinced that his Napoleon, because he is created out of living material, has at least the same truth as the Napoleon who is pieced together from a thousand little items taken from historical documents.

Legends More Important

"Yes, this presumptuous author claims that his subjective picture is superior in permanence and intensity to objective reality. But men of action don't like to be told that. Stalin, for example, often quotes the phrase of a Caucasian poet: 'Legends vanish, deeds remain.' This phrase is obviously untrue. For what is left of all the great men of history? Surely only the legends. What do we know of the men of ancient Greece? Only what Homer has told us about them. Of old Judea? The stories of the Bible. That's the way of life in regard to historical fiction."

Here you have Feuchtwanger's complete outlook on his own writing.

He is very proud of his systematic schedule of work, although he recounted it with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm pedantic, I confess. At seven thirty sharp the servant brings me the orange juice. Nothing is permitted to interfere with this ceremonial. I then get up and go with my trainer for a cross-country run. Then shower, massage, and breakfast. From about ten in the forenoon to one o'clock, work with my secretary. After lunch back to the study and more work. Sometimes a little automobile ride to break the monotony. In the evening reading and note-taking, by shorthand, for the next day's dictation. Mrs. Feuchtwanger invented a special bed for me, with a tray for books and paper all around it. I go to bed at about eleven, and read myself to sleep. And so on every day."

Toward Green Pastures



Tamarat Emanuel, a native Falasha teacher, who is studying in this country at present.

FOR a long time I had known that there were Negro Jews. I had never expected to meet any, however—much less to see one of their congregations in the making. But this was my privilege when I met David Kohl, the Negro Rabbi of Cleveland. Born a prince in Abyssinia, he carried himself with dignity and grace. His dark face bore unmistakable Jewish characteristics: a curving nose, a slightly protruding lower jaw, with a humorous turn to the corners of the lips. Though a linguist, and quite skillful in employing English oratory, he seemed most at home and vivacious in Yiddish,

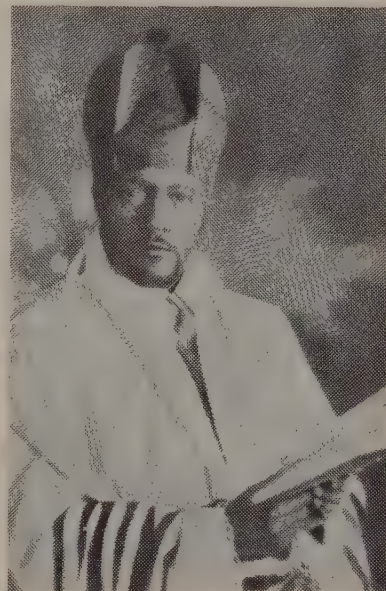
where his flow of apt phrases would convince even the most skeptical of his intimate kinship with the Jews.

It was he who introduced me to one of the strangest occurrences in modern Jewish history: the conversion of Negroes to Judaism. He took me to his Talmud Torah where Negroes were taught the Hebrew language and urged to become Jews. It was intriguing to listen to the passionate oratory persuading them that the white Jew is their brother who will help them rise out of their difficulties. A strange warmth came over me when I heard the advancement of the Jew in America attributed to his zeal for education and religious training, and when I saw the Negro directed to follow his example.

To visit this little Hebrew School we must go to the very heart of Cleveland's colored district. Here a modest room above the Globe Theater announces its welcome with a large mezuzah. Within, we immediately sense an atmosphere of earnestness, for about a dozen men and a few women and children are engaged in the task of learning the Hebrew language. "Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daled" the resonant voices repeat after the Rabbi. We take our seats with the other visitors who continue to come in, and we notice that there are several other white people. All wear their hats and the women are separated from the men. The Rabbi, now turning to teach the elementary prayers, begins with the Sh'ma, and explains that Adoshem and Elokenu must be used in place of Adonai and Eloheanu, which can be employed only in religious devotion. All this gives us a clue to the fact that though Rabbi Kohl does not claim to be

Thousands of Negroes
in America,
Dissatisfied With
Christianity,
Are Being Converted
to Judaism

By ALLEN GREEN



Rabbi David Kohl

Orthodox, he still preserves many of the traditional customs.

Satisfied with the progress of his students and with the size of the visiting audience, which now numbers about sixty, the Negro Rabbi turns to address his fold. "You are Jews," he declares. "Judaism is your religion and Hebrew is your language. For these past four hundred years you have been worshipping foreign gods and you have been ground down into subjection. You are the true seed of Abraham to whom was promised the earth, for you are Jacob's brother Esau; and it is time for you to rise up and join hands with Jacob to come into your rightful inheritance.

"You have been among strangers all these years. The white Jew, too, has been among strangers. He has been in Golus. Study his history and you will see that he has had pogroms in Russia, Poland, and throughout Europe, just as the Negro



A Falasha school at Addis Abeba, Abyssinia. Thousands of the native Falasha Jews are living today in America, where they form the backbone of the Negro Jewish movement in this country.

has had burnings and lynchings in the South. The Jew and the Negro must welcome each other, for the Jew is the best friend that the Negro has.

"Holy Scriptures declare that Esau shall be the servant until he becomes strong enough to break the yoke. Genesis, xxvii: 39-40. 'And Isaac his father answered and said unto him (Esau): Behold . . . by the sword shalt thou live, and thou shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.' The time has come to break that yoke! to join hands with Jacob and to shout, 'Sh'ma Yisrael, Adoshem Elokenu, Adoshem Ehad!'"

The powerful oratory of Rabbi Kohl is broken only by spontaneous responses of "You're right"—"That's right," for the attentiveness of the audience has become so eager that it must break forth into words.

The more solemn part of the evening is over, but the group remains to be entertained by a certain Prince Ali, beturbaned Jewish magician from India. Our little hall is not only a place of study, but a neighborhood center for any who may wish to visit. The tricks begin and are watched with childlike glee. But Prince Ali, too, returns to the dominant theme: a plea for the Negroes to follow the example of the Jew, to educate themselves that they may command the respect of the community. He counsels them to become Jews and to receive the help of their white religious brothers, for "it is the Jew who has lived with the Negroes in the large cities of America, he is the one who has helped them out of trouble and lent them money when they needed it."

Rabbi Kohl now comes over to tell us personally some of the details of his rising congregation. More than two hundred colored people, young and old, have been in attendance at his Hebrew School. Fifty have already learned the elementary Hebrew prayers. A like number are waiting to become circumcised so that they may become full-fledged members of the sons of Abraham. Their Synagogue will be called the Chevrah Ansh Sh'chorim—or the Congregation of the Colored Folk. (The Rabbi is careful to warn them against pronouncing this as "Shikkorim," which, he explains, means drunkards!) They

already have a State Charter, but it is not yet in force, since services cannot be held until there are ten circumcised men to constitute the Hebrew *minyan*. The Rabbi says that he is assured of the help of many white Jews who will aid him in establishing the synagogue.

* * *

NOW we wonder, "How did there ever happen to be Negro Jews?" There is an interesting story of their origin, accepted and preserved by the Abyssinian Jews as an oral tradition. It relates how three thousand years ago the Queen of Sheba, Princess of Ethiopia, came to visit King Solomon, as is recorded in the Bible: I Kings, chapter 10. After her return to Africa a son was born unto her by the wise king. When he became a young man, the Queen sent him to visit the Holy Land. When Solomon beheld the dignity of his son he entreated him to remain in Palestine and become heir to the kingdom. But the young man refused. So Solomon commanded that all the first born of the people, even of the High Priest and of the nobles, should be sent back into Ethiopia, there to serve him as their fathers had served Solomon, keeping the statutes of Moses and carrying out the priesthood according to the ancient order. As they departed, the son of Zaddok, appointed as High Priest over them, took the sacred Ark of the Covenant containing the Ten Commandments engraved upon the tablets of stone, and left in its place an imitation of the same size and appearance. Thus the great assembly carried into Ethiopia a remembrance of the glory that had been theirs, and in their new land perpetuated their ancient faith and observed all of its customs. The Abyssinians today claim that these original Tablets of the Law of Moses may be found in the Church of Zion at Axum. This is the folk belief of the Abyssinian Jews. It indicates how dominant is their feeling of Jewish kinship.

Historians, however, have explained their origin in another way. They believe that the first entrance of Jews into Africa occurred indirectly through Egypt. It is known that many Jews fled there after the destruction of Jerusalem by Babylonia in 586 B. C. E. Some of these, during the following centuries, traveled southeast, parallel to the coast of the

Red Sea, and finally penetrated into Abyssinia. Their numbers were increased by fugitives from the destruction of the Second Temple by Rome in 70 C. E., and by Jewish captives led away from Southern Arabia which faces Abyssinia from across the narrow straits that lead into the Red Sea. Probably augmented by converted natives, these people came grouped into small independent states which they maintained for hundreds of years under their name "Falashas," signifying "Exiled immigrants."

The religion which they have continued to practice unto this day follows the five Books of Moses. They observe the Sabbath and the Holy Days, though Hanukkah and Purim are unknown to them, since the origin of these festivals was later than the writing of the Pentateuch, which is their sole religious authority. They practice circumcision, observe the laws of Levitical purity, and sacrifice the various animals and fowl as are prescribed in the Book of Leviticus.

They believed that they were the only living Jews, until Dr. Jacob Faitlovitch visited them in 1904. He found at that time some hundred thousand Falashas. During the two previous centuries they had become scattered throughout the entire extent of Abyssinia in little groups and families. The introduction of Christianity into that land had brought trouble to the Falashas; crusades had been occasionally organized against them, and many had been exiled from one region to another. During the nineteenth century they were subjected to the pressure of organized missionaries. Aided by the troubled condition of these black Jews, the movement succeeded in converting thousands of them. Some of these, however, continued to practice their former religion in secret, thus following in the footsteps of the white brothers, the Marranos of Spain. Those who remained steadfast in their Judaism, though scattered in small communities, kept scrupulously separated from the rest of the population. They number fifty thousand, and in order to protect them from further missionary inroads as well as to help them advance religiously and economically, schools have been established among them under the leadership of Dr.

(Continued on page 123)

Benjamin Disraeli

By JOHN COUNOS

1.

KINGS and fools always attract attention. So it is in Shakespeare, so it is in life. And how is a king without a kingdom to attract attention if not by acting the fool? Slender, handsome, debonair, jet black locks descending over his temples and forehead, young Benjamin Disraeli, dreamer, man of action, kingly in the way of the Orient but lacking a crown, and born a Jew, made up for his lack, if only in a measure, by his foppish wardrobe and sparkling wisdom such as we expect from the lips of a Shakespearean fool. Invited to a distinguished dinner party, he had startled the host and diners by appearing in a canary waistcoat, buckle shoes and lace cuffs, and still more by his wit. And now, at the age of 26, having already, in the adopted land of his fathers, caused a ripple by the failure of a too grandiose scheme to start a great newspaper and by the writing of a book or two which for a space amused the social world and provoked the abuse of the critics, he set out, with a companion, on a Grand Tour to Spain, Greece and the Levant, bearing with him the preposterous dream of one day becoming the Prime Minister—that is, Grand Vizier—of sober Protestant England; for he could never become King, and, in any case in that land the Grand Vizier was more powerful than the King. On this journey, emulating Joseph, young Benjamin provided himself with garments of many colors and a variety of waistcoat buttons. He had neither a king's scepter nor a jester's marotte, but had two handsome canes; at the stroke of noon he changed one for the other; this served its purpose of attracting attention.

He Mounts a Throne

During the visit to the Alhambra he mounted the throne of the Abencerrages and he sat on it with such regal dignity that the old woman who served as custodian could not help asking if he were a descendant of the Moors.

"This is my palace," he replied.

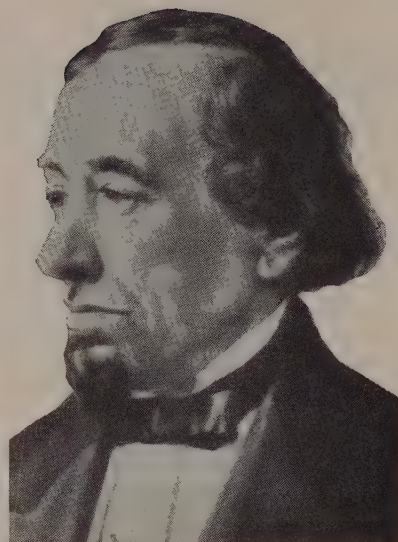
If she had any doubts, the answer dispelled them.

2.

AT Malta, that attractive island where the English are more English than their compatriots at home, Benjamin found splendid opportunities for playing the buffoon. The men, mostly officers, were great sportsmen here; one man excelled at rackets, another at billiards, a third at ecarte; each an artist in his line. How was he to compete with them? How call attention to his person? Surely not by exposing the thing nearest his heart: his dreams. They would not understand them. If they did, they would only laugh at him. In the circumstances, he did the only thing he could do: practice affectations, piling them on thick. The Englishmen, gentlemen in the officers' mess, did not take to a coxcomb, and ceased to invite "that damned bump-tious Jewish boy."

He Astounds Malta

Did not an English poet say, "If a fool persist in his folly, he shall become wise?" Benjamin persisted in his folly. One day he dined at a regimental mess in an Andalusian dress. On another he paid a round of visits in a majo jacket, white trousers, and a sash of "all the colors in the rainbow." In this astonishing costume he strolled the streets of Valetta, followed by a vast throng, and, in his own words, "putting a complete stop to all business." He did not neglect to visit the Governor and Lady Emily. The Governor was "reputed a very nonchalant personage, and exceedingly exclusive in his conduct to his subjects." Benjamin, however, undismayed, suited his remarks to the mood of his singular costume, and he was to flatter himself that he had given his host the most extraordinary quarter of an hour of his existence. He saw "our nonchalant Governor roll on the sofa, from his risible convulsions." Benjamin saw that he had made a good impression, and he did not wish to spoil it; so resisting pressure to stay he took his leave. This was on a Saturday. On arriving home he already found an invitation from the Governor waiting for him for Tuesday. Nothing succeeds like success; he always found favor in high places, where he met with a



BENJAMIN DISRAELI

measure of comprehension. Indeed, his triumph at the Governor's was "complete and unrivalled." As for the others—what did they matter?

A coming Grand Vizier must seek grand game.

3.

HIS departure from Malta saw him in the garb of a Greek pirate. The outfit consisted of a blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers. His travelling companion was one James Clay, later a member of Parliament, and attached to their company as a valet was one Giovanni Battista Falcieri, Byron's gondolier and devoted servant, in whose arms the great poet had died. Shelley had described him as "a fine fellow with a prodigious black beard who has stabbed two or three people, and is the most good-natured looking fellow I ever saw." The trio embarked on a yacht, hired by William Meredith, who was affianced to Sarah, Benjamin's sister, and who was never to reach home for his marriage, doomed as he was to die from small-pox in Egypt, Grand Viziers-to-be live charmed lives, but they are not immune from the cloud which misfortune brings; for Benjamin loved Sarah as rarely a brother loves a sister, and he had an affection for Meredith too.

He Turns Oriental

At Yanina, the capital of Albania, Benjamin became enamoured of the Turkish method of life. The Jew,

the Oriental, awoke in him. He wore a turban, smoked a pipe six feet long, and squatted on a divan. Mehemet Pasha thought it incredible that Benjamin could be an Englishman, for never had he seen an Englishman walk so softly. The young man himself thought it strange that he should so easily fall in with the ways of a people with whom he had never hitherto come in contact. He liked their un-European calm, their opulent habits, their manner of enjoyment. The color of the Levant enchanted him, found a natural response in him. A sense of freedom possessed him since he was no longer open to the charge of affectation, not even when he made up a variegated costume from his heterogeneous wardrobe and appeared in it before a real Grand Vizier. It was a marvelous thing, that costume; a red shirt, green pantaloons with a velvet stripe down the sides, a silk Albanian shawl with a long, multi-colored fringe around his waist, red Turkish slippers, and a Spanish majo jacket enveloped in a mass of embroidery and ribbons. It astounded even the Turks, who, loving color in dress, were lost in admiration.

He visited the bazaars, watched corteges of horsemen, caravans of camels. . . . It was all as in the Arabian Nights, and he loved it.

He might have been a Grand Vizier here, had the Fates so decreed it; and he would not have felt out of place.

4.

THEN came an interlude. . . . Athens, the origin of the West, of Western Culture, the antithesis of what he had just seen. Different it all was, and beautiful with an austere beauty, in which balance rather than color prevailed.

He Contemplates Greece

Already in Piraeus, five miles from the city, he contemplated from a small hill the immense plain covered with olive trees and skirted by mountains. A magnificent temple on an isolated hill met his eyes, and below it a walled city, in front of which stood a Doric temple, perfect and lovely. The whole scene, bathed in the violet of a setting sun, was dream-like and delicate. It was Athens. It plunged the young man into abstraction, but evoked no intimate reminiscence. . . . One thought of the white draperies of Pericles, austere linear; one scarcely thought of Joseph's coat of many colors, his own heri-

tage. Joseph had lost his coat and had become a Grand Vizier in a great alien land. And he, Benjamin. . . .

He longed for the time when he should reach Jerusalem. The revelation of some intimate mystery awaited him there. Something called him there, he did not know what; perhaps an ancient memory, rooted in the race, a memory which calls men to the place in which they were cradled. The dear, familiar places. . .

Here was Athens, there Jerusalem, the two small, great cities, in which the modern civilization, the modern culture, the Western humanity with its dual nature, had been cradled.

He Travels to Constantinople

Gazing at the ghost of old Athens, he thought of the legend of the House of Autreus. The tragic idea of destiny inherent in the legend that destiny, which is our own will, had for him an Oriental flavor; and even within sight of the Parthenon his thought travelled Eastward. . . .

Between Athens and Jerusalem there lay another great city. Thither, toward Constantinople, Benjamin turned his adventurous footsteps.

5.

NO need to play the fool here. Wise fools are bred by the need of dissipating tedium. More than ever they were becoming necessary in the Western world, where ennui—terrible word describing a terrible condition!—was the price humanity was paying for industrial development and the gradual elimination by the machine of color and romance. Men's clothes were becoming sober; their minds, too, were assuming a monotone. Faith was crumbling under the onslaughts of utilitarian science; modern philosophy was infusing into the breast of man a spirit of scepticism. Clouds of doubt were rising to obfuscate God-given horizons, causing a rare soul here and there to turn his vision inward upon itself; even as the smoke of factories was beginning to fill the sea-mists hanging over England with soot, hiding London in darkness and goading on the genius of a Turner to burst forth in great splurges of combustive, light-charged color, paeans to the most resplendent of suns, such as was never seen on land or sea. In fast-growing cities men who belonged to a race which had conquered both land and sea were teeming with hu-

man shadows from whom all color had taken flight.

Here in Constantinople one was lost in a canvas of color. From the Bosphorus gentle hills rose, and upon them, one above the other, in the clear sunlight, shone palaces, the domes of mosques, gleamed innumerable minarets; groves of cypress studded the landscape; while the narrow river-like sea was alive with a multitude of carved, gilt, gondola-like craft, as speedy as they were gay, swarming with human beings attired in rich, brilliant and most varied costume, a joy to the color-loving eye. And the scene as a whole appeared to the young man, fresh from the sober isle from the North, as sublime, even mystical. He was suddenly made aware how deep the Orient was in his blood; how solidly rooted the Jew, sprinkled though he had been with the waters of baptism. That, in any case, did not matter; he was one of those convinced that Christianity was but Judaism completed. If so many of the Christians he met thought differently—and some of them even appeared to regard Christianity as a kind of revolt from Judaism—so much the worse for them! One thing was amply clear to him: though baptism was supposed to wash away sins, it was scarcely capable of washing away Judaism; his baptism, far from washing his sins clean, only intensified the suspicion of the Christian. As regards him, there was a notion abroad that the devil had himself baptized in order that he might the better carry out some mysterious, nefarious design. The wicked dullards. . . . Still, it was true, without baptism he could never have hoped to become Prime Minister. . . .

He Loves the East

His thoughts were far from this now. He had no longer any desire to become Prime Minister. His secret ambition was dissipated, his desire for fame, his dream of power lost in the Eastern enchantment of the city, which held him spell-bound. He felt no intellectual energy. He had an infinite longing to wander. The authentic sights of the city on the Bosphorus were like a dream evoked by the genii. He strolled among the maze of bazaars, observing the heterogeneous swarm, the Armenians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Turks, picturesquely attired; above all, the Turks, who indulged in many combinations of costume. The meanest

(Continued on page 124)

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Part Four

The Story So Far

ACHASHVEROSH, King of Persia, chooses Esther, or Hadassah, as his Queen. Mordechai ben Yair, her cousin and guardian, who had hoped to marry her himself some day, is heart-broken. Mordechai and Esther warn the King of a plot against his life, not because they love the King but because Esther and all the Jews would be incriminated if the ruler were to be assassinated.

quiries; he had not even spoken with the young scribe Nechemyah at the king's court, of whom it was said that he was a friend and disciple of that Ezra ben Serayah, concerning whom more and more the Jews of the land spoke—the poor and pious and learned with hope and loving kindness, the rich and powerful, such as Ardi-Nidib, with a strange anger and fear and even contempt, saying that his teaching would bring evil upon the Jews by making sharp and clear and hateful the difference between them and the Babylonians and Persians among whom they dwelled and thus diminish the power and credit of all who had either possessions or the favor of princes. "And wherewith," Ardi-Nidib and his friends had asked but a day or two before, "wherewith would this Ezra ben Serayah feed the poor of Yisrael and clothe the naked and plead for such as were oppressed, if he and Nechemyah, both foolish striplings it would appear, kept crying that the Jews were strangers in this land and should return to their own? For the princes of Persia would not stand by and see men sit in their council or heap up wealth, who meant to use both their subtlety and their gold for another land and another people. It is well to send charitable gifts to Yerushalayim and to the Temple of God, but let them be known as charitable gifts and no more." And Ardi-Nidib, Mordechai well remembered, having held this discourse with countenance of scarlet over his fat neck quivering with rage, had gathered up his Persian robe and hastened to the king's threshold to grovel before Haman ben Hamadetha in the very dust.

Mordechai ben Yair was not a subtle man. He knew well that he was not. He had made no answer to the discourse of his friends. He did not love dispute. He only knew that a thing had happened to him that had wrought a great change in his innermost being. His dearest earthly hope had been ruined and defiled. His heart was wroth against the order in which this thing had come to pass. He yearned for a better order and thirsted for a change and felt that that better and other order already existed within his people and the relation of his people to its God. Therefore, although he was in the maturity of his years and a man of might, a true humility compelled him to bow himself down before them who had had this vision before himself and without the red wound in the side that had driven him thereto, and it was in this spirit that, followed closely by Jehonathan, subsisting on dried dates and water, faring on except during the cruellest heat of the day, he urged his camel westward over the Babylonian plain.

It was toward the close of day that they came within sight of Babylon, that monstrous city with its wall of the height of two hundred royal ells and the towers of burned brick that projected from the wall and the many gates of brass that broke the wall at the end of each street of the city. With colors of the sunset glowed the waters of the Euphrates cutting the city in two and in the one-half rose the palace and keep that had once been Nebuchadnezzar's of accursed memory but which was not the dwelling of the Persian satrap. And in the other half of the city rose that temple of towers of stone, one set above the other to the number of eight, which was built in the honor of Bel, the highest god of the Chaldaeans, of whom they feigned that he descended into the sanctuary within the highest tower, sleeping upon the golden bed, sitting beside the golden table, rejoicing in the thousand pounds of incense annually burned to please his nostrils. Upon these towers, familiar to him from his childhood, Mordechai now looked with other eyes. He knew of a sudden that he and his people, though cleaving to the Eter-



HE scroll of the new messenger of the eternal God of the heavens which Rabbi Ja'akob had promised did not come. Mordechai sent Jehonathan to inquire after it. But the spirit of the ancient Rabbi had withdrawn itself from the traffic of earth and no intelligible answer came. More and more restless grew the spirit of Mordechai; all that had once fed his pride now did so no more. Slaves were offered him, women from northern wilds with skin like alabaster, but he took no delight in them. Ardi-Nidib, his friend, came to him with a tale of the sudden rise at the king's court of one Haman ben Hamadetha, the Agagi, and of the strange whispers concerning this matter that flew from mouth to mouth not only in the hall of the 300 columns, but in the streets and alleys of Susa. And Mordechai said: "What is it to me? This is not my land nor is this king my king." Ardi-Nidib grew pale and lowered his voice to a whisper. "Let none hear those words—not even me again." Then he spoke in a loud full oily voice as though he desired the very walls to hear him: "I am a Persian of the Persians, as well thou knowest, and I go to bow down to him whom the king has chosen to honor." Mordechai looked at his friend with estranged eyes. Often in other years he had heard such speech; perhaps he himself had echoed it. Perhaps. But he was as one who had awakened from a dream and all the things and people and images of that long dream now seemed to him like phantoms and ghosts of the night. He could not drag himself to the threshold of the king, yet he knew that if he went not, there were those, even though Bighthan and Theresh had been hanged, who would spread evil rumors concerning him before the face of the king.

Once more he summoned his young kinsman, Jehonathan, in whom his heart trusted. He commanded two camels of the kind trained for swiftness to be gotten in readiness. In the cool grey hours before sunrise he set forth with Jehonathan to the city of Babylon, which he had not seen for many years. He had made no in-

nal of Yisrael in their innermost souls, had bent their knee to Bel hourly and daily and more and more as power and gold had come to be theirs. He also knew that he would not bend his knee to Bel again forever.

Upon that very night, preceded by two torch-bearers, Mordechai sought out in the Jews' quarter on the left bank of the Euphrates the house of Ezra ben Serayah, the Aaronite, whose grandfather Azaryah had acquired great wealth by selling barley and dates to the Armenian merchants who came to Babylon in their round leathern ships. It was a house of four stories built about a courtyard. And in this courtyard were torches continually renewed and men in the white linen robes of Babylon sat on mats at the feet, as it were, of him whom Mordechai knew to be Ezra ben Serayah. The face of the priest and scribe was a calm one. A reflective frown was on his brow. His eyes were grave but sober. The gestures of his hands when he spoke had little eagerness or passion. For an instant the heart of Mordechai misgave him. Perhaps he had hoped for a prophet who would bring him the release of exaltation and of tears. Yet he listened to the words of the scribe, as the men nearest made room for him, and as he listened a light seemed gradually to flood his mind and withal his soul to become less burdened: Ezra ben Serayah spoke in the tone of a man reasoning with his fellows, speaking to them of things that they must know but were afraid to acknowledge. The Jews, he said, had come as captives and slaves into this land. They were no longer that, though most of them were still poor men and even mendicants. But the rich and powerful were no happier than the poor and needy. For many of the customs and ways of the land were filthiness and horror to them and yet they plied their withers, as it were, with goads to drive themselves to embrace these customs and these ways. Seeking to do so, they were forgetting their own ways which their God had commanded them to observe, and so many of them were left poorer than the meanest heathen slave who clung, though under the lash of a cruel master, to the memories of his homeland and the images of his gods. They could not bend the knee to Bel; they were forgetting the Eternal of Israel. Therefore strength had gone out of them and they were like to the reeds in a river, swaying in every wind, whelmed by any rising

of the waters. First, then, they must seek out the law of their God, which he had given to Moshe of old; they must learn his statutes and ordinances to keep and obey them. Then would marrow return to their bones and strength to their arms and uprightness to their souls. Ezra ben Serayah tapped with his strong shapely hand upon a great scroll that lay across his knees. His voice grew deep and his brow sterner. The Jews, a remnant still by the great mercy of the Eternal, must obey every jot and tittle of the ordinances and put away heathen wives persuading to laxness, even as a man in the throes of a great sickness must obey all the ordinances of his physician. For if he stops to choose among them, saying: this it pleases me to do and that not, the man will surely die. Even so would Israel die—die in its sins and its desolation unless now, today, in this hour, whether in exile in Babylon, or on the way back to Yisrael-land, it begin to learn and to practice the laws which its God had given it. Ezra arose and stretched forth his hands: "Now, today! A fast must be proclaimed and a spirit of atonement must come over us. We must no more obey the heathen in the market-place or in the very threshold of the king or in our own hearts. We are left a remnant that is escaped; we are before God in our guiltiness; we must seek and pursue the straight way for us and for our little ones. For the hand of our God is upon all that seek him, for good; but his power and his wrath are against all them that forsake him."

For three days Mordechai dwelt in Babylon and on each of these days he had private speech with Ezra, whose heart was set on making disciples of the rich and powerful in order that he might prepare for the return of the whole people to Yisrael-land in the days when the young Arthachshastha, whom Nechemyah was secretly instructing in the palace, would rule over the provinces of the realm of the Persians. On the morning of the fourth day Mordechai set out on his return to Susa. The somber ravaged beauty of Esther appeared to him nightly in his dreams and drew him back. He prayed that he might be spared the seeing of her again, that he might learn to cling to the love of his people rather than to the tragic love of woman. Yet his heart suffered him not to stay longer in Babylon.

Evil rumors met him on the very threshold of his house. The besotted

king was heaping honor and power upon Haman ben Hamadetha. And Haman was gaining the favor of the Persians by filling them with false fears. The empire of the lordly Aryans, truest and strongest of men, was tottering. Why had their archers gone down before the Hellenic hoplites and the fleet of the great king been defeated in the bay of Salamis? Treachery had been at work. Foul strangers had had daggers at the back of the fair-skinned sons of the Airyana. Who were these strangers? Nor yet had Haman spoken out. But all men knew what was in his thoughts, as all men knew the reason of his hate. Had not that blood of Amalek always been bitter against Israel? Had not those wild and stupid Nomads harried even them escaping from the house of bondage in Mizrayim of old? Had they not attacked Israel at Rephidim? Had not Shaul been forced to put them under the *cherem*, the ban of annihilation? Amalek had always been the foe of Yaveh, of righteousness and truth. Haman was aware of that, though he gave himself out to be a Persian of the Persians, kissing the mouths of his equals ostentatiously in greeting, wearing the cloak of the Medes and an Egyptian breast-plate on great feast-days, boasting of the number of his male children and that they were taught nothing save horsemanship, archery and the practice of truth. Many of these children the Amalekite had begotten upon fair-haired Persian concubines. He, himself, a swarthier man than any Jew, professed a great contempt for the darker people of the south and east and swore that none but the Aryans were fitted to be rulers of the world.

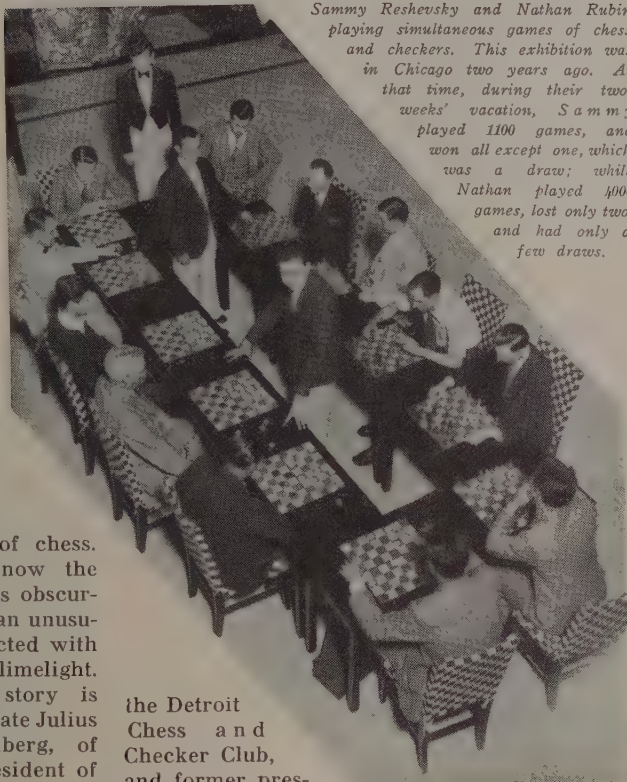
Mordechai ben Yair turned these matters over in his mind. He and his fellows had well and faithfully served the Persians and their king in memory of the great and kindly days of Choresch and Darjavesch; too well and too eagerly had they served, even unto the sacrifice of name and memory, of loyalty and righteousness. Yet it needed but the flattery and evil whispers of an Amalekite caitiff to throw suspicions on the Jews and to cause not only Persian but Babylonian to regard them with oblique and hate-filled glances on the market-places and the bazaars of the city. Of such happenings both Jehonathan and other kinsmen and friends brought him the hourly news, and Ardi-Nidib, his fat paunch quivering with haste and anxiety, came run-

(Continued on page 125)

Back in the Limelight

By PHILIP SLOMOVITZ

WHEN Dr. Alexander Alekhine of Paris won the World Chess Championship at the California Chess Congress last August, one of the most formidable contenders for the title was young Samuel Reshevsky. To the world at large this was an indication that the youthful chess marvel, who a little more than ten years ago startled the world by defeating some of the greatest players of the game, had not altogether passed out of the picture, but is still to be classed among the master minds of chess. But to a handful who know the story of Sammy Reshevsky's obscurity during the past decade, an unusually romantic tale is connected with his re-emergence into the limelight. Curiously enough, the story is closely connected with the late Julius Rosenwald. Morris Steinberg, of Detroit, for many years president of



Sammy Reshevsky and Nathan Rubin playing simultaneous games of chess and checkers. This exhibition was in Chicago two years ago. At that time, during their two-weeks' vacation, Sammy played 1100 games, and won all except one, which was a draw; while Nathan played 4000 games, lost only two, and had only a few draws.

the Detroit Chess and Checker Club, and former president of the American Checker Association, took an interest in Sammy when the boy came to Detroit in 1921 for a series of exhibition chess games. Mr. Steinberg first interested leaders of the Detroit Jewish Community and later a number of Chicagoans, including Mr. Rosenwald, in the prodigy. It was as a result of Mr. Rosenwald's interest that the boy stopped making public appearances at chess matches and began to get a normal education. Today Sammy is preparing for a professional career as a student at the University of Chicago.

As Sammy's "pal" for more than ten years, Mr. Steinberg made it his chief hobby to guide the lad in the right direction and to advise him, with the end in view that he should be kept away from curious throngs and should instead follow the paths of a normal boy. It was Mr. Rosenwald who helped to smooth these paths.

"It was in 1924," said Mr. Steinberg, when interviewed, "that Mr. Ro-

senwald first showed interest in Sammy. Through Fred M. Butzel, Detroit philanthropist and communal leader, and Dr. A. M. Dushkin, executive director of the Board of Jewish Education of Chicago, Sam and his parents were induced to live in Detroit. Sam had already been in this country for three years, but had made virtually no progress educationally, since it had been necessary for him constantly to give exhibitions to help support his parents and sisters and brothers abroad.

"The interest taken by Mr. Rosenwald immediately gave Sam the opportunity to which every boy is entitled. He was given lessons privately to make up for his grammar school deficiencies. He then entered Detroit Northern High School and completed a four-year course. During this period

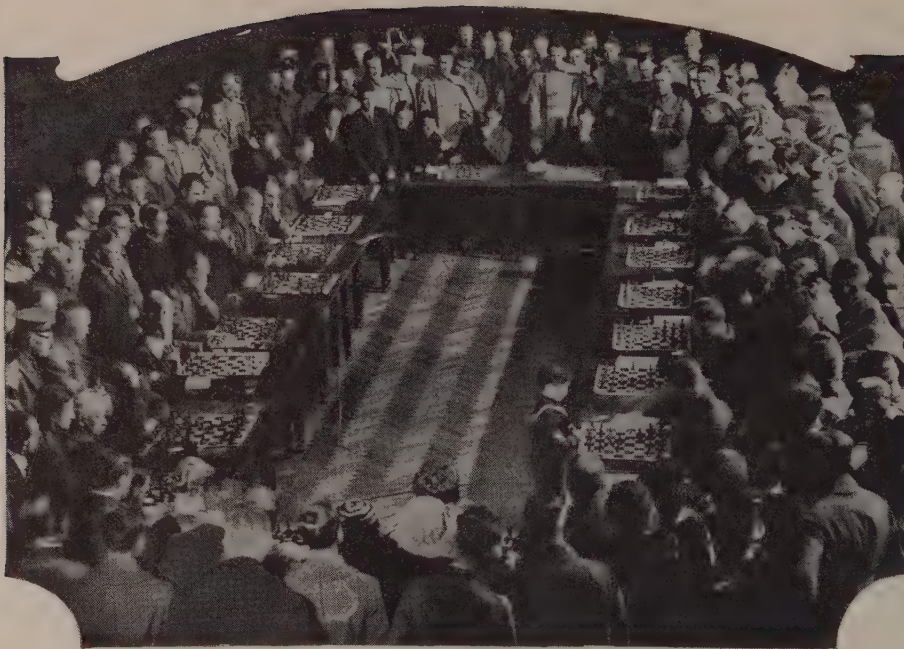
not more than a handful of friends knew that he was the boy wonder of



Nathan Rubin, national amateur checker champion. Last August, in Los Angeles, he established a world's record by playing fifteen games simultaneously in seventeen minutes, and winning all. He can play sixteen games simultaneously, blindfolded.



Sammy Reshevsky as he is today.



This picture was taken way back in 1920, when Sammy was only eight years old. It shows the infant prodigy at West Point confounding the United States Army's best chess players. He won 19 games and tied one. At that time he had been in the country only a short while. He was not for more than two years that he came to the attention of Julius Rosenwald. Meanwhile the child sent his earnings to his family in Europe.

chess. This was confided only to the school principal and teachers. While with me, he met many people in Detroit, but few were aware that he was the same boy who had opposed and defeated the Army's best chess players simultaneously at the age of eight. So closely was his identity concealed that when a leading magazine published an article on 'What Becomes of Our Prodigies?' only a picture of Sam was used with the statement that no one seemed to know what had become of him. This was just what Mr. Rosenwald wanted.

"During the intervening years, Mr. Rosenwald invited us regularly as his guests to his Ravinia home. Nathan Rubin, Sam's school mate, who even shared his locker during their years at high school and later at the University of Detroit, and who has since become Junior Champion of America at checkers, was requested by Mr. Rosenwald to join us in our annual visits.

"It was indeed a privilege to enjoy the hospitality of the Rosenwald home. It gave one a real opportunity to observe the splendid and humane qualities that characterized every action and thought of this remarkable friend. Let me cite just a few incidents:

"On our first visit, a delicious dinner was prepared. When he discovered that Sam would not partake of it because of his insistence on ob-

serving *kashruth*, Mr. Rosenwald saw to it that special food was given him, and many of the later dinners were especially prepared for Sam.

"In 1929, Mr. Rosenwald arranged for us to see the opera at Ravinia with him. It took place on a Friday evening. We drove there from his home while it was still light. After the performance, Sam proposed walking back to the Rosenwald home, about a mile away, because he preferred not to ride on the Sabbath. Mr. Rosenwald told our party he would walk back with Sam. Mr. Rosenwald was not robust, and it was evident the walk tired him. Yet he appeared happy on his return, knowing that he had shown deference to the religious observance of his young guest.

"Mr. Rosenwald was always thoughtful of his guests. He had observed that I was fond of candy. On my next visit he had a large dish of it put before me after the dinner. Once he suggested that Sam and I stop at the country house with him for a little refreshment. Sam ordered a chocolate soda. Mr. Rosenwald then turned to the waiter and said: 'That's what I like, so please order one for me, too.' Sam remarked that he was glad to know they both liked the same things. I learned later that Mr. Rosenwald had not indulged in that sort of thing for a

long time, but had ordered it just to be a regular fellow.

"Sam gave an exhibition for a few of Mr. Rosenwald's neighbors one evening. One of them seemed to know more about chess than the others and was giving Sam a pretty good battle. Mr. Rosenwald turned to Sam and jestingly said: 'You'd better beat him, Sam, otherwise his wife and family will never hear the end of it.' Sam, of course, smilingly complied."

Mr. Steinberg also related that during the summer of 1931 Sammy, while on a visit to the Rosenwald home, played a game of chess with Lessing and William Rosenwald. Mr. Julius Rosenwald, although ill at the time, learned of Sammy's presence, and from his sick room sent the boy a flower, with kind remembrances and regards. In numerous other ways, aside from the material means he provided for Sammy's education, Mr. Rosenwald took a deep interest in the boy whose early freak existence he was anxious to end and so assure a future which he believed he deserved.

And now the world has an answer to the question as to what became of at least one of the best known prodigies of the present century, and with it comes the revelation of the very deep interest that was taken in the boy by a noted philanthropist.



The WOMAN'S REVIEW



Telling the Story of the Jewish Woman

IT was just a year ago that I agreed, with others, upon the need for an Encyclopedia of Jewish Women that would tell the entire story of Jewish womanhood. Plans have since been launched to carry out that idea, under the joint editorship of Rebekah Kohut and the writer. Jewish women's organizations have felt the need for it in their cultural studies.

Jewish womanhood will do well to take stock of itself, of its organized forces and of its individuals, so that it might, in self-examination, ask: "Quo Vadis?" The economic position of Jewish women and girls in the United States needs appraisal, to point the way to some solution other than that of masquerading as Lutherans or Unitarians. Achievements as well as problems deserve to be set forth, in addition to authoritative articles on the position of the modern Jewish woman in Judaism and the Jewish community.

The publication, "Woman in Jewish Law and Life," by Emily Solis-Cohen, just issued by the Jewish Welfare Board, is in line with the program of the Encyclopedia of Jewish Women. Its author is a woman of the finest family traditions in American Jewry and with a long list of creditable services to the community, nationally and locally.

Are you an admirer of the women who helped America's men win the territory west of the Alleghanies? Read "The Plough Woman," which Maurice Samuel has just rendered into English from the Yiddish, which edition followed the original one in Hebrew. There you will find the stories of fifty women settlers of Palestine who were staunch pioneers. The Council of Women Workers of Palestine did a wise thing when it persuaded these women to set down the story of their struggles and victories.

The Pioneer Women's Organization of the United States is the medium through which this book has come to our shores.

Women and Their Achievements

The editor invites communications setting forth the achievements of women in commercial, professional, artistic, or other fields. Such communications should be addressed to:

Editor, The Woman's Review,
B'nai B'rith Magazine, 70 Electric
Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Women and Their Careers

IT is quite a gamut of careers over which our Jewish women ranged during these recent weeks. The versatility in the talents revealed is as gratifying as it is startling.

For the fifth successive time, Florence Prag Kahn of San Francisco won popular favor in her Congressional district. One of the ablest members of the House of Representatives, she has worn the Congressional mantle of her late husband with distinction.

There were other political avenues that found our women to the fore. Mrs. Anna Rosenberg received unstinted credit as manager of Theodore Peyser's successful campaign in New York City for a Congressional seat. Mrs. Anna Moskowitz Kross played a similar role in the New York City Mayoralty campaign of Surrogate John P. O'Brien. Her political career includes service as Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York for five years, from 1918 to 1923.

It was a splendid recognition that was accorded the talents of Madame Lea Luboshutz, violinist and member of the faculty of the Curtis Institute of Music of Philadelphia, in having been chosen as a soloist at recent concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra whose distinguished conductor is Mr. Leopold Stokowski. Miss Luboshutz gained her musical education at the Musical Conservatoire of Moscow.

Though one is accustomed to seeing women come to the fore in the arts and professions, one would hardly expect to find a Jewish

woman as the manager of a pugilist. That distinction goes to Mrs. Lena Levy, who manages the fighting career of her nephew, King Levinsky. The most recent battle that she arranged for her nephew was with Primo Carnera, to take place in Chicago.

The Jewish Women Carry On!

NO one can claim that the depression has lessened the ardor and energy of the Jewish women of America, in the face of their activities during these past few weeks.

A budget of \$60,000 is the announced goal of the Women's Pioneer Organization for Palestine, which met at Toronto. To assist in its realization, there has come to this country Mrs. Rachel Katzenelson-Rubashov, Secretary of the Women's Council of the Palestine Labor Federation.

Another women's organization that is coming considerably to the fore is the women's auxiliary group of B'nai B'rith. One of the most recent units in that group is the Women's Grand Lodge of District No. 6, which combines fifteen auxiliaries with a membership in excess of 800 women. This group enjoys the presidency of Miss Lucille D. Zinner of Chicago.

The multiplicity of Jewish women's groups in the United States was further emphasized by the recent occurrence of the Mizrahi Women's Convention.

The number of Jewish women's groups points to the need for closer cooperation between Jewish women's organizations, to avoid duplication and to eliminate the evils of a multiplicity of organizations. Toward this end, there has already been created in American Jewish life a Conference Committee of National Jewish Women's Organizations, in which the five chief ones are represented, namely, Hadassah, The National Council of Jewish Women, The National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, The Women's League of the United Synagogue of America and the Woman's Branch of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America.

ESTELLE M. STERNBERGER.

JEWs were honored in many parts of the world during the past month.

In Czernowitz, the pictures of a twelve-year-old Jewish boy, Moshe Barash, aroused the widest acclaim, and critics proclaimed him already an artist of parts.

In New York, Congressman Adolph J. Sabath was tendered a luncheon for his services as chairman of the Foreign Language Division of the Democratic National Campaign Committee.

In Warsaw, the wooden house where Zamenhof, the Jewish founder of Esperanto, was born, was renamed Zamenhof, and proclaimed a memorial by the local Esperanto Association.

In Paterson, N. J., the Veritans, leading civic group of the city, presented Harry B. Haines, an outstanding Jewish citizen and publisher of the local *Evening News*, with an engraved plaque testifying to the community's esteem. Last year Mr. Haines was selected by a symposium, sponsored by the same group, as Paterson's outstanding citizen, and only the rules of the Veritans prevented their giving him the same honor two years successively.

In Bassein, Burma, the Minister of Education conferred a special mayoral robe and chain of office on R. A. Raphael, president of the Bassein Municipality. These honors, contributed by the merchants and traders of the city, were conferred in recognition of Mr. Raphael's distinguished services for the advancement of the city's welfare.

Dr. Markus Reimer, noted rheologist of the Public Works Department in Palestine, who is in this country to round out research work at Lafayette University, has been invited to deliver a series of eight lectures on mathematical rheology by Princeton.

In San Francisco, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, wife of a former justice of the state supreme court of California, has been appointed chairman of the National Women's Committee of Welfare and Relief Mobilization.

In New York, Dr. Bernard Sachs has been elected president of the New York Academy of Medicine. He is an authority on the nervous and mental disorders of children.

In Detroit, Judge Charles C. Simons of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, was honored with a luncheon given by the Detroit Bar Association on the occasion of his elevation from the District Court. A life-size portrait of Judge Simons, painted by a Detroit

artist, was presented by the Bar Association to the District Court, where it will be hung.

In Burma, E. Meyer, prominent in Jewish affairs, was presented with the Kaiser-I-Hind Medal in recognition of his public services. An honorary magistrate, Mr. Meyer is the second Jew to have this honor conferred on him.

In Cochín, the government has appointed Solomon Hallegue honorary magistrate for Cochín, while another Jew, M. N. Yashua, received a similar honor in Ernakulam.

In Belgrade, Chief Rabbi Isaac Alkalay, Jewish representative in the Senate, was elected chairman of the control and interpellation committee.

In Istambul, Ben-Aroia, the inventor of Turkish stenography, has been appointed professor of stenography on the Faculty of Philology at the University of Istambul.

J. L. Sinykin, the famous Jewish breeder of German Shepherd dogs and thoroughbred horses, received a beautiful bronze plaque from the German Society, Berlin, for the training of dogs to lead the blind. Mr. Sinykin, whose kennels are near Minneapolis, was the first person in America successfully to train dogs for this purpose.

THE 90th anniversary of the Isaac M. Wise Temple, Cincinnati, was celebrated Dec. 10 and 11 with special services. Founded in 1842, this Temple, of which the renowned Rabbi Isaac M. Wise was spiritual leader from 1854 until his death in 1900, always has been one of the leading temples in the country, and exercises great influence in its community.

The *American Israelite*, founded by Rabbi Wise in 1854 and edited by him during his lifetime, published a splendid special edition in honor of the Wise Temple's birthday.

Dr. Abraham Cronbach of the Hebrew Union College delivered the invocation at the Saturday morning special service in the Wise Temple. The anniversary sermon was delivered by Dr. Julian Morgenstern, president of the Hebrew Union College, while Dr. Jacob R. Marcus, also of the college, assisted in the services.

A CROSS-SECTION

(Compiled with the aid of

Dr. Samuel Cohon of the College delivered the invocation at the Sunday night special service, with Rabbi Victor E. Reichert of the Rockdale Temple officiating. Anniversary addresses were delivered by Dr. Jonah B. Wise of New York (a son of Rabbi Isaac M. Wise), and Rabbi James G. Heller, and Rabbi Samuel Wohl, both of the Wise Temple. Special music was rendered by the choirs of Christ Church and St. John's Church, as well as by Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

ANOTHER temple to celebrate its 90th birthday is the Temple Covenant of Peace, at Easton, Pa. It is the third oldest congregation in the state. Special services marked the celebration.

SINCE Spinoza was a Jew, the professors of philosophy at the University of Vienna were unable to be philosophical about the celebration of his tercentenary of birth. Celebrated all over the world, and especially by professional philosophers, this subject was not even mentioned at Vienna University, where a virtual boycott of any such celebrations was initiated.

Soviet Russia celebrated the Spinoza anniversary in all its scientific institutions and educational bodies, while 150 colleges and universities in the Middle West in this country have likewise given recognition to the great philosopher.

Albert Einstein, in a message to the Spinoza Institute of America, praised the tenets of Spinoza's philosophy, while the Spinoza Center, in New York, founded nine years ago by Dr. Frederick Kettner, announced the establishment of "the first Spinoza Community, which will pool its financial, social, religious and educational resources."

As for the University of Vienna, an unfounded rumor persists that influential American Jewish philanthropists are withdrawing the subventions to that institution because of its anti-Semitism. Should this rumor prove true, Vienna University will be in a grave condition, since it is now largely dependent for its very existence on such income.

F JEWISH LIFE

(c Jewish Telegraphic Agency)



Leon Recanati, president of Salonica Lodge, B'nai B'rith, reading his address at the inauguration of the new B'nai B'rith Kindergarten there.

IN the presence of the Chief Rabbi, the president of the Communal Council, and representatives of all the communal institutions, members of the B'nai B'rith lodge in Salonica, Greece, dedicated and presented to the community a splendid Kindergarten and shelter school intended primarily for the youthful victims of the Campbell quarter disaster of last year. The Constitution Grand Lodge contributed liberally to this enterprise. One of the principal addresses of the occasion was delivered by Brother Leon Recanati, president of Salonica Lodge.

The Kindergarten was opened at once, and hundreds of pupils are already in attendance. At the entrance there is a large marble plaque, with the inscription, in Hebrew and Greek: "Thanks for the building of this kindergarten is due the good-hearted members of B'nai B'rith, together with the Jewish Council of the town of Salonica, in the year 5692."

PREMIER ÉDOUARD HERRIOT of France condemned anti-Semitism and made a strong appeal for peace in a message sent to the banquet meeting of the League to Combat Anti-Semitism, which met in Paris recently.

DR. Chaim Weizmann, former president of the World Zionist Organization, will visit the United States in February in the interests of Zionism.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, President-elect Roosevelt, and Governor-elect Lehman of New York were among those who sent messages of felicitation to Morris Rothenberg, president of the Zionist Organization of America, when that official was tendered a testimonial dinner in New York City recently in recognition of his service to Palestine, to other Jewish causes, and to the labor movement, with which activities he has been actively identified for two decades.

Nathan Straus, Jr., on behalf of the Testimonial Committee, presented Mr. Rothenberg with a parchment scroll "in recognition of selfless labor on behalf of his people and in appreciation of a career lived in terms of the highest Jewish ideals."

Speakers at the banquet included Nathan Straus, Jr., Felix M. Warburg, Dr. Cyrus Adler, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, James Marshall, Mrs. Rose Halprin, president of Hadassah, and Julius Hochman, vice president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

AFTER a year of quiescence, Poland's anti-Semitic forces broke loose once more in a series of outrages which have already resulted in one Jewish death, and injuries to hundreds of other Jews. The riots began in Lemberg Nov. 27, after the friends of a Polish student who had been killed in a drunken brawl decided to get revenge. This student, Jan Gratkowski, and some of his friends, had wantonly attacked a group of Jews, and Gratkowski was slain in the fight which followed.

The Jewish business section of Lemberg was deserted after many shops had been smashed and the contents stolen. The excesses spread to the University, and the College of Commerce was closed as a result. For many days Jews feared to leave their locked and barred homes. Wholesale looting of their stores took place, and on the second day of the disturbances the number of Jews wounded had reached 146. The University of Lemberg was forced to close all its departments.

On the third day after Gratkowski's death, the riots had spread from Lemberg to Warsaw, Vilna, Cracow, and the provinces. By that time Lemberg resembled a city in the throes of war, with all the Jewish shops closed, and police everywhere. In Warsaw the students created such a riot that the University was at once closed.

Even after the worst was over, five days after the riots had broken out, there were still sporadic attacks on Jews reported, and the wounded list was very large.

YEARS ago, Ben Stool migrated from Europe to this country, and settled in the heart of South Dakota. In time, the town where he lived and its township were named after him. In the recent election, he was elected to the post of state commissioner of schools and public lands by a vote of more than 126,000.

A CAMPAIGN for \$1,000,000 has been launched by the Gewerkschaften for Palestine labor organizations at its eighth annual convention in New York City.

OF the 73 young men and women who entered the Hebrew University for the first time this year, four are Americans. Thirty-six come from outside of Palestine, as compared with 15 last year. Thirty are from Poland alone.



1843 — 1933

B'NAI B'RITH enters its ninetieth year! That fact evokes a vast array of reflections and memories.

A dozen men in a cafe in 1843!

Tens of thousands in 29 widely scattered countries in 1933!

Determination to develop and elevate the Jew was the motive in 1843. It is the motive in 1933. The purposes have always been the same. The application of the purposes has changed as conditions have changed.

In 1843 the Jewish population of the United States was a small segment of Jewry the world over—25,000 at most. These looked to Europe for leadership. No Rabbi had been educated in the new world. The very few who were here came from abroad.

As the founders of B'nai B'rith in their wildest flights could not foresee the Order's present development, so no Jew of their time visioned the United States as the future center of world Jewry.

Wholly dependent upon their co-religionists of other countries for spiritual guidance and inspiration, they of that period could not imagine that the time would come, and comparatively soon, too, when the Jewish people throughout the universe would look to their brethren in the United States as their mainstay.

In the solution of the many problems which the enormous increase in the Jewish population brought to the fore, B'nai B'rith has taken no inconsiderable part. The history of the Jews in America and the story of B'nai B'rith are inseparable. The one intertwines the other, and so it will continue.

The PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Of all the virtues of B'nai B'rith, that which most highly commends itself to me is set forth in the first words of its purposes, "B'nai B'rith has taken upon itself the mission of uniting Israelites."

More than any other agency—I am bold enough to say—more than all other agencies combined — B'nai B'rith has brought together Jews of every estate and of every state.

In 28 countries besides the United States, B'nai B'rith holds sway. In many of them B'nai B'rith is the hub around which all Jewish activities revolve. I had the rare privilege a few years ago to visit lodges in England and in many continental European lands. Everywhere membership is regarded as a badge of honor, and in some countries admission thereto is quite restricted. On all sides B'nai B'rith benefactions were in evidence. The good name of the Jew is zealously guarded in much the same way as the Anti-Defamation League performs a similar service in the United States. In some lands a Jewish youth movement somewhat patterned after Hillel and A. Z. A. is on the way.

B'nai B'rith has entered far off countries where the Jewish population is sparse. In some of these lands it has been summoned as a last hope for the future of the Jewish community, with little to hold it steadfast.

In no country into which B'nai B'rith has been called has it failed to bring light and peace and help, not only to those enlisted as members, but to the entire Jewish body.

1933 begins inauspiciously. Grief and gloom are all pervading. Keeping alive those finer institutions which have been created and held together by sacrifice, and pain, and labor, is extremely difficult, but if we fail to sustain them woe will be ours.

We must not let go. If we do, there will be no joy when light breaks, and surely light will pierce the cloud though for the time being it seems impenetrable.

When the better day comes, happy will be those who have had the goodness of heart and the strength of mind to have continued their support

of the things which really count throughout the months and years of depression. To them will be given a double portion of satisfaction and gratification.

My best wishes to every reader of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE for a year of life, health and peace.

United Jewish Leadership

A MERICAN Jewry with one voice is protesting against the failure of Poland to protect its Jewish citizens from attacks that have cost life, limb and property, and urging the Polish Government through its Ambassador in the United States, in conformity with universally recognized principles of humanity and civilization, to evolve means that shall insure a stable order of life and prevent manifestations of ill will, which have been all too frequent within recent years, and in addition to promptly bring to justice the perpetrators of the present atrocities and indemnify the victims thereof.

The Government of Poland in the present instance is being addressed by a united Jewry in America. As one, B'nai B'rith, the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, and the Federation of Polish Jews in America, are voicing the sentiments of all Jews who feel for their fellows in faith who are the victims of outrage because they are Jews. In the beginning these organizations raised their voices separately. Now they are joined in a single chorus.

I may be permitted to say without immodesty that with tongue and pen I have been urging cooperation of this sort. I am gratified with the present proceeding. It is a good start along lines that mean much for world Jewry. It may be the first step towards a due and proper consideration of whether at some future date there shall be held a World Jewish Congress.

B'nai B'rith in Greece

I HAVE been informed from far off Salonika that, for the most part with funds provided by B'nai B'rith

(Continued on page 118)

THE PRINTED PAGE

BOOKS ON SPINOZA

Spinoza The Biosopher, by Frederick Kettner (Roerich Museum Press).

THIS book will serve both the student of Spinoza and the layman who desires to get better acquainted with one of the world's greatest liberators of thought. The author is fully qualified to write on Spinoza, for the reason that he has been a student of the philosopher's from the time he was a very young man, and consistently maintained an intelligent interest in this work. Dr. Kettner is Director and founder of the Spinoza Center in New York.

His book is full of the meat of Spinoza's thinking, and illustrated liberally with actual text. One might look upon the volume as a Spinoza text book or as an introduction to Spinoza, and in that sense it is a real contribution.

In the author's note in the early part of the book, we are told that to practice Spinoza's teaching of life means to bring into existence one of the highest systems of ethical practical thought.

Spinoza's "Treatise on the Improvement of the Understanding" is most carefully analyzed by the author, and one cannot but note throughout this work, whether it is "The Treatise of Understanding," or "The Ethics," or "The Treatise on Religion and Politics," his bringing to light and emphasizing clearly the practical human relationship side of Spinoza.

In his chapter on "Spinoza The Biosopher," Kettner tells us that his life and works reveal that he did not remain a pure metaphysician, but that he also became more and more interested in the problem of human values in their essential relationship to philosophy—thus, Spinoza the Biosopher.

Elsewhere the author tells us that Spinoza was not a moralizing reformer, neither was he a moral abstractionist, nor a fictitious religionist. He was an ethical revolutionist, a revolutionist whose demands called for radical changes, not only in governmental and social conditions, but also in emotional states.

In the chapter on ethics, the author says that Spinoza's ethics can be said to belong to the heroic literature of



the world: that Spinoza taught men to live an ethical social life—that Spinoza was bold enough to attack theological institutions and that he did so on a scientific basis and that therefore his challenge is a lasting one—that Spinoza startled the world when he gave up theology for ethics—that his thinking was God-centered and that egocentricity had no place in his system—that it was his ethical thinking which helped him to realize how great an obstacle on the way towards divine freedom are thoughtless words—that Spinoza was a seer and that his ethics reveal what he saw and experienced in life—that Spinozism is a true religion of the future, and will doubtless draw many people to live the spirit of Spinoza's ethics—that the Spinozistic men will have the power to live in harmony with the highest—that Spinoza teaches to be friendship-minded and to act with the goal of friendship as the incentive to the creation of a new society—that Spinoza was not interested in religion as a cult, but rather in religion as a culture, the religion of friendship or mutual understanding—that to understand is the highest absolute virtue of the mind.

PHILIP L. SEMAN.

Blessed Spinoza, by Lewis Browne (Macmillan).

WHEN Spinoza was born at Amsterdam, Holland, on November 24, 1632, his parents chose to call him Baruch: *Blessed one*. At an early age, he was sent to school where it did not take his teachers long to realize that he would indeed be a blessing to his race. Baruch, they all said, would undoubtedly be a great rabbi, or, at least, a famous "son of Israel." But this young genius was destined first to be cast out before he could actually render his blessing to humanity, a blessing that was to be handed down to posterity in the

form of a call to openmindedness and freedom.

In later years many were indeed to be influenced by that call, by the philosophy and character of Spinoza. Not least among these was Heinrich Heine, who said: "All our modern philosophers, though perhaps unconsciously, see through the glasses which Spinoza ground."

In this tercentenary year there are a number of others who also heed that admonition—authors who pay tribute to the greatness of Spinoza. Among these is Lewis Browne, who has produced a masterful work in his biography of Benedict Spinoza. There is no doubt that his study will help greatly in making more widely known the noble example of the philosopher's life. The author evinces a penetrating understanding of his subject's character and succeeds in painting a sympathetic and appreciative account of the achievements of this liberator of thought. "The man was integrated," he says, "never lunging frenziedly to lay hold of some abstinence and then falling back in hysterical despair. He was secure in goodness, serene in his joy of life because he let reason guide his steps."

In proclaiming the greatness and heroism of his character, the author has taken particular pains to give a full portrait of the milieu which was its background. On the whole, we receive a complete enough picture of Spinoza's life and environment to understand and appreciate the trials and experiences he underwent.

But I should not be doing Lewis Browne justice if I did not make mention of the keen perception he displays in interpreting Spinoza's teachings. "Few documents in all the literature of speculative thought," he says, "are more formidable, at first glance, than those in which Spinoza sought to expound his philosophy . . . But actually they are the very reverse of that. Once one has become familiar with their terminology, one discovers that they are not at all abstract exercises in metaphysics, but impassioned explorations into the most intimate problems of everyday life." By his exposition, the biographer shows that he for one was adequately familiar with that terminology.

Many, I am sure, will read "Blessed Spinoza" not only with interest but also with great personal gain.

FREDERICK KETTNER.

A COLORFUL JOSEPHUS

Josephus, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking Press).

MORALISTS can find no delight in the strange career of Josephus, general, historian, and Jewish apologist. It seems to vindicate the social usefulness of cowardice, treason and fraud. For every evil which was associated with the unhappy circumstances of his life ultimately proved a boon for his people. In the crisis of Judaea's national existence, he cravenly surrendered the fortress which he commanded and deserted to the enemy; he was thereby enabled to write the only extant history of the people whom he betrayed. He lived out his years as an obsequious sycophant, singing the praises of the Roman tyrants and traducing the Zealot heroes who had sacrificed their lives for the national honor; he was thereby spared to write a number of important apologetics which brought to the pagan world a better understanding of the Jews and the sublimity of their faith. In his literary labors he stole continuously from abler writers of the day; he thereby preserved their interpretations and judgments of a period which has lost all of its other historians. Many centuries after, some pious Christian fathers, editing the manuscripts of Josephus, inserted a number of spurious passages which related to the career and Messianic accomplishments of Jesus; because of the forgeries, the entire work of Josephus was carefully cherished throughout the Middle Ages as a Christian heritage and, alone of ancient Jewish works, survived into modern times.

But perhaps there is a solitary grain of comfort to the moralists in the fate of Josephus himself. He perpetrated the supreme fraud against his own reputation, and he has forever after borne its burden. Writing under the watchful eyes of his Roman patrons, and endangered by the accusation of his earlier military loyalty to the Jewish rebels, he suggested that the betrayal of his people was not a last moment decision but had been deliberately premeditated from the outset of his command. In his autobiography he made himself out to be much worse than he actually was, adding villainy to cowardice as the motives for his actions.

And his judgment upon himself, wrung from him by the circumstances of his relationship to the Roman imperial house, remains as the final judgment of posterity. He has been taken at his word. The fraud against himself has been implicitly believed. In the memory of his people his contributions are forgotten, the extenuating circumstances of his betrayal are not even considered. He stands condemned as the traitor par excellence, the most pathetic of the damned souls in Jewish history.

This is the colorful and intriguing material around which Feuchtwanger weaves his romance. It stops short with the conquest of Palestine, but evidently the artist considers that the dramatic climax in the life of Josephus is reached at this point. He misses no opportunity, offered by history, to make the narrative vivid. We have Josephus as a young man in the decadent Rome of Nero; there are interesting adventures with Poppaea, the Empress, who showed leanings to Judaism. All the fervor of Feuchtwanger's exuberant style is present in the description of the Galilean wars and in the wily dealings of Josephus and the Zealots. Few can read unmoved the melancholy description of the fall of Jerusalem. And winding through the swift narrative are character vignettes of John of Gischala, the Emperor Vespasian, and the Princess Berenice, which are inimitable.

The genuine tang and flavor of a period can be better presented through the medium of a historical novel than through a score of formal texts. Feuchtwanger lit up the eighteenth century with his "Power." In "Josephus" he recreates, with perfect artistry, the most agonizing period in Jewish history when the little Jewish state, firmly held in the talons of imperial Rome, was slowly done to death.

AN AMUSING AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Laughing Torso, by Nina Hamnett (Ray Long & Richard R. Smith).

THIS is the very jerky autobiography of a true Bohemian. It reads more like a directory of famous people than anything else, however, for Miss Hamnett, in her short (she is only 42 today) but highly spiced career as an artist in London and Paris apparently met and was familiar with all the denizens of the artistic and literary world. It is interesting to note the number of Jewish celebrities who flit through these

anything but chaste pages. To mention only a few, there are Modigliani, Zadkine, Epstein, John Courtnos, Marc Gertler, Soutine, Trotzky, Andre Gide, Jean Cocteau, Gertrude Stein, Jascha Heifetz—yea, even Lord Melchett.

It is a very good autobiography for like the life of the subject itself it is risqué, colorful, chaotic, crude—filled with no great passion, but infinitely amusing.

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

The President's Page

(Continued from page 116)

in the prosperous days, which now seem so remote, a "Kindergarten" has been built in Salonika bearing the name "B'nai B'rith." The "Kindergarten" will give the community a scholastic institution affording popular Jewish instruction to the young. The opening was signalized by the presence of the Chief Rabbi who recited the "Hanonkath Habaith" prayer, the President of the Communal Council, all of the Communal Councilors, representatives of all the Communal institutions, and a large section of the general public. All united in expressions of appreciation to B'nai B'rith in general and to Salonika Lodge in particular.

Another Lodge in France

THE Lodge in Paris—the premier in France—has a sister, Alsace Lodge No. 1160 of Mulhouse, which was installed on October 30. The President, Monitor and Secretary of Paris Lodge, Brothers Abravanel, Kouyoumdjiski and Douegnas, officiated. Brother Douegnas wrote me concerning the services: "Never have I seen such ardent faith as that which animated these newly made members of the Order, who in pledging themselves to honor and respect the laws and rules of the Order, clearly showed that they did so soulfully."

"The ceremonies took place in the Temple in the presence of a large assembly made up in part of brethren from lodges in Germany and Switzerland, including the Chief Rabbi of Basle. Following the installation a reception was held at the home of Monsieur and Madame Henri Weil, and in the evening the Jewish community turned out en masse in the Temple where addresses were delivered by representatives of B'nai B'rith in many lands."

ALFRED M. COHEN.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

Arthur Brin Honored in Minneapolis

IN honor of his having been elected to the second vice presidency of District No. 6, Arthur Brin of Minneapolis, an outstanding member of Minneapolis Lodge No. 271, was tendered a testimonial dinner in his city. Sam Beber, of Omaha, president of District No. 6, was the principal speaker.



Arthur Brin.

Amos Deinard, president of Minneapolis Lodge, was toastmaster. An autographed booklet signed by everyone present was presented to Brother Brin to commemorate the occasion. A membership campaign was launched at the banquet and Felix Moses, its chairman, is confident that it will result in 100 new members.

Brother Brin, who was born in Chicago, is a prominent executive of a manufacturing concern in Minneapolis. He has been a member of the general committee of District No. 6, Minnesota State Chairman for the Wider Scope, and past president of Minneapolis Lodge. Among his other activities, he has been president of the local Jewish Family Welfare Association, a member of the local Community Fund, and a director of the Minneapolis Council of Social Agencies.

DR. I. M. RUBINOW, Secretary of the Order, Sidney J. Kusworm, member of the Executive Committee, Samuel Goldstein, president of District No. 2, Edwin J. Schanfarber, past president of District No. 2, and Rabbi Samuel Gup of Columbus, were among those who addressed the annual convention of the Ohio State Association of B'nai B'rith Lodges in Ohio's capital last month. Representatives were present from lodges in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Lima, Hamilton, Columbus, Youngstown, Canton, Dayton, Zanesville, Lorain, Cleveland Heights, Akron, and Warren.



Carolina Lodge Raises Twice Its Quota for Wider Scope

AN outstanding accomplishment for Wider Scope during 1932 was made by Carolina Lodge No. 603, Greensboro, N. C. With only 40 members, this group went out and raised \$400—representing its entire collections—and all pledges were paid in cash!

According to the Louis J. Borinstein Plan, each District and each lodge was to raise for Wider Scope an amount equal to five dollars for each member. At this rate, Carolina Lodge's quota was \$200. It therefore raised twice its quota, or 100 per cent more than its goal.

Sidney J. Stern was chairman of this wonderful drive, and Walter J. Bernstein was treasurer.

The record of Carolina Lodge in this campaign demonstrates very clearly what can be done for Wider Scope and for the Order, even in times like these. What that loyal group did down in North Carolina, YOUR LODGE can do wherever it is!

FROM London comes the news that the long-awaited B'nai B'rith Room in the Jewish Community Building has at last been formally opened. It was officially done at a recent meeting, with the men's and women's presidents taking leading parts.

Brother Rechtsanwalt H. Stern, of Berlin, addressed London Lodge recently on "The Jews of Germany Today." The seventy persons who attended were so enthused that it was decided to sponsor a series of discussion meetings in the future.

Mamre Lodge Raises Funds for Activities

DEPRESSION or no depression, Mamre Lodge No. 824, South Bend, Ind., is maintaining its reputation for zeal in the Order. Several weeks before 1933 began, this loyal



Joseph Cohen.

group presented Joseph Cohen, first vice president of District No. 2, with a check for \$200 as an advance payment for its 1933 Wider Scope assessment.

As a matter of fact, Brother Cohen had quite a thrilling evening in South Bend when he visited there recently. Mamre Lodge, headed by Max Blumensweig and Sam G. Rossin, had had a two weeks' membership drive and had obtained 33 new members. The latter, named "The Joseph Cohen Class" was initiated during the vice president's visit.

A packed hall has greeted the last four meetings held by Mamre Lodge. One of the latest affairs was a stag party under the leadership of Phil Weisberger. The proceeds all went to charity. In addition, the Lodge was able to present its Ladies Auxiliary with \$250 to help pay for their provision of 53 baskets of food to worthy Jewish families last Rosh Hashonah, and to make substantial donations to the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital, and the Jewish Sheltering Home, a new project being sponsored by Mamre Lodge.

Brother Phil Weisberger has been so successful as chairman of several special money-raising projects during the past year, that members of Mamre Lodge are urging other lodges to communicate with him for solutions to their own difficulties. Al Abrams is president of Mamre Lodge, and has worked day and night to make it an outstanding group in the District, while Seymour Weisberger, the first vice president, was chairman of the successful membership campaign.

Members Show Interest in Current Events

FOR many months, the Membership Bureau of the Order has been sending mimeographed resumes of Jewish current events the world over to every local lodge. These are read at regular meetings, and are often the only contact many members have, outside of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, with Jewish life in all its manifold phases throughout the world.

Recently, the Membership Bureau attached a questionnaire, asking the lodges whether they favored the continuation of this service. Responses from all parts of the country show that they most emphatically do favor it, and consider it a vital part of their programs once every month. It will therefore be continued as in the past.

BROTHER SOLOMON LEVITAN, member of King David Lodge No. 641, Madison, Wis., and treasurer of the State of Wisconsin, has been elected honorary president of the National Association of State Auditors, Comptrollers, and Treasurers.

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ENTHUSIASM and spirit were shown at the district meeting of the Southern California Conference of A. Z. A. Chapters, held recently. Representatives attended from Hollywood, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, San Diego, Huntington Park, and Pasadena. Nathan Straus Chapter was host.

In concert with the other 165 chapters of A. Z. A., members of this conference celebrated A. Z. A. Day Dec. 18, with special programs.

All chapters of the Southern Conference are members of a Basketball League. Santa Monica Chapter won the championship, while Nathan Straus Chapter won the baseball championship.

Plans are nearly completed for the West Coast convention to be held in Los Angeles, Jan. 1 and 2. It will be sponsored by Southern California chapters.

L. A. Lodge Sponsors Radio Good Will Hour

LOS ANGELES Lodge No. 487 is sponsoring a good will hour on the radio. The first program was held on Nov. 15, with the exalted ruler of the local Elks, the potentate of the local Shrine, the president of the Southern California Chapter of the Knights of Columbus, and the president of the local B'nai B'rith lodge as the speakers.

As a result of this broadcast, the Los Angeles Lodge of Elks unanimously passed a resolution enthusiastically praising this activity, and wishing B'nai B'rith success.

A second broadcast was given by the Lodge on Dec. 20; the third will be held January 17, and will be conducted by the women's auxiliary, with several prominent women as speakers.

Further programs, not yet completed, will include special broadcasts to explain Mexican immigration work of B'nai B'rith, the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, A. Z. A., B'nai B'rith institutions, etc.

CHARTERED in November, 1931, Pottsville (Pa.) Lodge No. 1149, "the baby lodge of District No. 3," has already placed a feather in its cap. One of its members, Brother Abe Breit, has been elected treasurer of the District Council, comprising the towns of Allentown, Easton, Bethlehem, Hazleton, and Pottsville.

ASKER Lodge No. 370, San Diego, Cal., initiated the largest class of candidates in its history when it inducted 31 men into the Order Nov. 27. More than 250 persons were present, a record gathering for an affair of this sort. The degree team consisted of Brothers Alvin Baranov, Ted Rosenfeld, Harry Mallen, A. Louis Solof, and Edward Breitbard. Herbert C. Goldman, Zone Deputy of Zone Two, District No. 4, was the guest speaker.

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NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, Gen'l Manager

Order's 90th Birthday Observed in Canada

"THE purpose of B'nai B'rith is so wide that no matter in what activity you may wish to engage, you will find a medium of service," declared P. Allen Rickles, past president of Seattle, (Wash.) Lodge, before a capacity gathering of Samuel Lodge No. 668 and its Ladies' Auxiliary in Vancouver, B. C. "Ninety years ago this fraternity was founded in New York by a small group of men on a purely unselfish basis and devoted to the services of Jewry and of humanity. The fraternity grew by leaps and bounds by reason of the services rendered to our people."

The meeting was held to celebrate ninety years of B'nai B'rith progress, and Brother Rickles devoted his address to a detailed description of the Order's achievements.

JUDGE JOSEPH L. KUN of Philadelphia, past president of District No. 3, addressed the quarterly meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Conference of B'nai B'rith lodges at Beaver Falls. Beaver Valley Lodge No. 777 played host to delegates from lodges at Aliquippa, Braddock, Bradford, Butler, Ellwood, Erie, Greensburg, Kittanning, McKeesport, Monessen, Monongahela Valley, New Castle, Washington, and all towns in the Beaver Valley.

BROTHER LEOPOLD STADECKER is another of the surprisingly large number, relatively, of members who have been in B'nai B'rith for sixty years or more. And not only has Brother Stadecker been in the Order for a long time, but he has always been very active, and even today, at the age of 88, he maintains a lively interest in all the Order's doings.

Brother Stadecker was born in Germany in 1844, and came to this country when he was 22. For many years he was a manufacturer; he retired from business in 1914. He joined New York Lodge No. 1 in 1871, and served it as president for one year and secretary for a year.



Bro. Stadecker.

ALTHOUGH President Alfred M. Cohen and Richard E. Gutstadt, Director of Special Activities, were 300 miles away, and Sam Beber, President of District No. 6, twice that far, all three "spoke" at a recent meeting of Logan Square Lodge No. 1035, Chicago, when it played host to all the other Chicago lodges in a Second Annual Host and ninetieth Anniversary Celebration of the Order. Twelve hundred persons were present.

President Cohen and Brothers Gutstadt and Beber did not speak over the radio. Neither did they use the telegraph, mails, or resort to phonograph records. How, then, were their greetings delivered? They were delivered by the simple method of impersonation by various members of the local lodge. All three were given ovations.

Logan Square Lodge was presented with a prize trophy by Dr. Adolph D. Weiner; Daniel D. Kaufman, president of the lodge, accepted the gift.

The feature of the evening was a magnificent dramatic production, in nine scenes, written and produced under the direction of Rabbi Mayer Lipman, in which the chief philanthropic works of B'nai B'rith had the leading parts.

Judge Albert Cohn in Relief Drive

SUPREME Court Justice Albert Cohn of New York, former president of District No. 1, has agreed to support the efforts of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee to raise funds to provide work and direct relief for the unemployed in New York City this winter as a member of the Founders' Council of the Emergency Council of Fraternal Organizations in the U. S. A., according to an announcement by H. B. Lamy, Jr., chairman of the Founders' Council.

CARMEL Lodge No. 674, Sofia, Bulgaria, has published an impressive volume of B'nai B'rith writings and articles of general Jewish interest. The book, which contains 185 pages, is printed in Bulgarian, and contains President Alfred M. Cohen's presidential address to the Thirteenth Quinquennial Convention of the Order, held in Cincinnati in April, 1930. It likewise contains Prof. Samuel Cohn's articles on Judaism and the Bible, taken from the B'nai B'rith Manual, and several articles from the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

Laud Wm. Bensinger at Special Meeting

WILLIAM Bensinger, honorary past president of District No. 6—an honor conferred upon him at the last Grand Lodge session in recognition of his brilliant work as District Sec-



William Bensinger

retary for several years — was given an ovation at a special meeting of his own lodge in his own home town — East St. Louis, Illinois.

Brother Bensinger founded Illinois Lodge No. 794 in East St. Louis exactly

18 years ago, has served a term as its president and has been its most ardent worker ever since. In celebration of its 18th birthday, the lodge arranged a program in Brother Bensinger's honor, during which he was presented with a silver loving cup.

Brother Bensinger's Jewish activities include the Leo N. Levi Memorial Hospital, of which he is a trustee, and the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, of which he is a former member of the board. In addition, he was president of the local Humane Society, and was an enthusiastic worker for St. Mary's Hospital.

Judge A. B. Frey, Rabbi Julian H. Miller of St. Louis, Rabbi Maurice N. Stiskin of the local temple, and Jacob Beck, temple president and member of the general committee of District No. 6, all praised Brother Bensinger highly in their addresses.

JOSEPH COHEN, first vice-president of District No. 2, spoke on "Responsibilities of Citizenship" at a recent meeting of Gan Eden Lodge No. 110, Terra Haute, Ind. A "Joseph Cohen Class" was initiated at the same meeting, with Rabbi J. Marshall Taxay, Harry Levin, Morris D. Cohen, Louis Brown, and Lewis R. Sutin constituting the degree team.

CONTINUING his policy of visiting all the lodges in his District, Brother Louis Cohen, president of District No. 7, has just completed a tour of Alabama. While there he visited every lodge in the state, and re-organized lodges at Hattiesburg, Miss., and Jasper and Anniston, Ala.

Pisgah Lodge Initiates 125 New Members at Its 75th Birthday Celebration

FOURTEEN years after Henry Jones and his small group founded B'nai B'rith in New York City in 1843, Pisgah Lodge No. 34 was inaugurated in Detroit. The diamond jubilee was celebrated last month with great rejoicing.

The lodge inducted a class of 125, named after the late Milford Stern, in connection with the event. The complete program was one of the most interesting ever sponsored by a B'nai B'rith lodge, and it is hoped that B'nai B'rith activity in Detroit has accordingly been stimulated.

Richard E. Gutstadt, Director of Special Activities of the Order, was the principal speaker during the afternoon. He described the Order's wide-flung activities and encouraged the new members to take an active part in furthering B'nai B'rith ideals. Lou M. Frank, state deputy for Ohio, also extended greetings to the class. Rabbi Leon Fram of Detroit delivered a memorial address for members of Pisgah Lodge who are no longer among the living.

At the banquet held in the evening, Adolph Finsterwald, honorary chairman of the committee on arrangements for the diamond jubilee, opened the program with felicitations to the new members. He presented Adolph "Daddy" Freund, a member of Pisgah Lodge for 64 years, who lit the candles on the birthday cake. Brother Finsterwald then introduced Dr. Leo M. Franklin, who was toastmaster.

Dr. Franklin called first upon Nathan D. Metzger, president of Pisgah Lodge, who welcomed all the new members, guests from out of town, and visiting brethren, and who thanked all who had assisted in making the celebration a success under the general chairmanship of Ben F. Goldman.

Dr. Franklin read many greetings sent by prominent individuals throughout the country. These included President Alfred M. Cohen, Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary of the Order, Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit, Sam Beber, president of District No. 6, and many others.

Paul Werner, student president of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Michigan, spoke briefly, thanking the Order for sponsoring the Foundations.

The day's program was climaxed by the chief address of the evening by Dr. A. L. Sachar, Director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois. He pointed out that not age alone marks B'nai B'rith efforts, but rich achievements.

"The eternal vigilance with which B'nai B'rith has watched over the good name, the rights, and privileges of the Jews, has not changed," he declared. "Any Jew who says 'Ivri Onouchi' will have the prestige of B'nai B'rith thrown behind him."

Dr. Sachar then described as only he can the actual working of a Hillel Foundation on the campus, and stated that he found the majority of Jewish students excellent material with which to work with the object of creating future Jewish leaders.

"Those who get training in Jewish values," he declared, "won't become panicky when men come to them and ask them to give to worthy causes."

Many of the out-of-town guests stayed over for the regular meeting of Pisgah Lodge the following evening. At this affair Michael Sharlitt, superintendent of the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, delivered an address illustrated by motion pictures taken at his institution. Julius Kahn, Chicago, past president of District No. 6, spoke on the Anti-Defamation League, while "Daddy" Freund read a tribute to the late Milford Stern.

WILLIMANTIC (Conn.) Lodge No. 1082 is planning a testimonial dinner in honor of their Brother Benjamin Eisenberg, who was elected to the State Senate in the last election. Brother Eisenberg's victory was impressive, and he is the first Jew to be elected in his territory, where there are only 150 Jewish voters in an area of nine districts.

He is a charter member of Willimantic Lodge, and has been its general secretary since its founding.

PINE TREE Lodge No. 817, Bangor, Me., played host to 54 Jewish students at a luncheon recently. These student luncheons have now definitely become regular annual affairs. This was the first time this year that many students from all points of New England came together and met the local Jewish community.

"SHE was a credit to womanhood and a pride to the Jewish people!" The late Mrs. Elizabeth Caroline Cohen, wife of Louis Cohen, president of District No. 7, was thus characterized in a resolution adopted recently by Delta Lodge No. 660, Clarksdale, Miss. Mrs. Cohen died two months ago at her home in Ft. Smith, Ark.

William Ornstein Passes Away

WILLIAM ORNSTEIN, one of B'nai B'rith's old guard, died on December 5 at his home in Cincinnati. He entered the Order 55 years ago,



William Ornstein

and from the first manifested a lively interest in its affairs. He passed from the chairs of his local lodge to the presidency of his District, and was honored by it in every way within its power. He was a delegate to the Constitution Grand Lodge Conventions very many times, and his influence in that august body was pronounced. At his death he was treasurer of the District, a position he had been prevailed on to accept in 1914.

He was born in Germany, but came to the United States as a very small boy, and received his education in Cincinnati, where he always lived as an honored and respected citizen. At the 1931 District Grand Lodge No. 2 Convention, held in West Baden, he was presented with a testimonial on his eightieth birthday, written by the President of the Order, a life long intimate.

Besides his long and distinguished connection with B'nai B'rith, Brother Ornstein had been president of K. K. Bene Yeshurun (Isaac M. Wise Tem-

le) in Cincinnati, and climaxing lengthy membership in the executive board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, was at his decease, an honorary member of that body.

EUREKA Lodge No. 198, Waco, Tex., celebrated B'nai B'rith Day recently. Dr. H. J. Ettlinger of the University of Texas and a former president of the B'nai B'rith Lodge at Austin, Tex., was principal speaker. His subject was "A History of B'nai B'rith." Other speakers included Alex H. Sanger, the lodge treasurer, Rabbi Wolf Macht, and L. Migel, S. Hirschberg, and Abe Gross, president of the lodge. One of the largest audiences in years attended.

Among Our Contributors

CECIL ROTH is a well-known English historian, living in London. He is the author of the newly-published "History of the Marranos," and other works.

DAVID GOLDBERG is Rabbi of Temple Israel, Brockton, Mass., and an editorial writer and essayist.

JOSEPH BRAININ is editor of the Seven Arts Feature Syndicate, New York.

ALLEN GREEN is a student at the Hebrew Union College, whose home is in Cleveland.

JOHN CURNOS, distinguished novelist, lives in New Haven, Conn., and is the author of "The Mask," "The Wall," "The New Candide," and many other works.

PHILIP SLOMOVITZ is the editor of the Detroit *Jewish Chronicle*.

FREDERICK KETTNER is the president of the Spinoza Center, New York City.

A. L. SACHAR is Director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Illinois.

PHILIP L. SEMAN is Director of the Jewish People's Institute, Chicago.

Attention, Travelers!

NEGOTIATIONS have been going on for some time for the organization of a B'nai B'rith Lodge in Sao Paulo, Brazil, which would thus add another country to the impressive list of 28 in which the Order now functions. Political disturbances in Brazil caused delay for a time, but now that normal conditions have been restored, the final organization may take place in the very near future.

The group at Sao Paulo is very anxious for a representative of the international organization to be present at the installation ceremony. A special trip for that purpose would require a considerable expenditure of time and money.

Therefore, if some member of B'nai B'rith contemplates a trip to Brazil in the near future, the headquarters in Cincinnati would be very glad to learn of it.

RENO (Nev.) Lodge No. 760 is justly proud of its membership record during 1932. Starting the year with only 24 members, it acquired 20 new members—nearly 100% increase!

Toward Green Pastures

(Continued from page 106)

Faitlovitch and supported by Jews throughout the world.

Among the first Abyssinian Jews to come to America was Rabbi Kohl's uncle, Rabbi Leon Reichleiu. He is now living in Brooklyn and is chief Rabbi of the African group. It was through his efforts that the first Negro Jewish congregation in America was formed. And it is interesting to observe the change that has occurred in this synagogue. Its original organization in 1899, under the name Moorish Zion Temple, presupposed that it should have no white men on its directing board. As such it grew and boasted of members from Palestine, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco. Two years ago, however, it was reorganized under the name Moorish Palestine Zion Temple, with both black and white Jews as its leaders. The congregation has now 25 colored members and 125 white. They conduct services on Fridays and Saturdays and upon holidays and maintain their own Hebrew

school. There are absolutely no distinctions of color made in the congregation. Whether the other Negro Jewish congregations in America are destined to pass through a similar evolution—from a strictly black group to one completely mixed, such as this one—only tomorrow will tell.

Today the other synagogues, such as are in Chicago and Newark, as well as the incipient religious groups in Asbury Park, Arverne, Cincinnati, Youngstown and Cleveland, are predominantly for black folk; and the flourishing congregation of Rabbi Matthew in the heart of Harlem has only six white members among its two hundred. It is estimated that there are about two thousand original Abyssinian Jews in America today, as well as hundreds that have been converted in this country.

It may be asked why an increasing number of American Negroes have taken up Judaism. Of course, the personalities of the Rabbis, who are not only skillful as orators, but helpful as friends, have been an important factor in the conversions. But the answers which the Negroes themselves give to that question reveal one dominant motive: a dissatisfaction with their treatment as Christians at the hands of the Christian people. Their conversion indicates the hope that somehow they may better their condition by becoming Jews.

Assistance has been given the Negro Jews in an appreciable measure by individual white Jews. They have helped their darker brother build his synagogue and Hebrew schools. They have joined in his devotional services and received him with welcome to their own. They have recently, as we have observed, formed a congregation where the religious bond transcends the difference of color. As individuals they have helped in a small way to ease the tenseness that exists between the two races; perhaps their actions foreshadow a greater fellowship between these two minority peoples of America. Organized Jewry, however, has as yet taken no cognizance of its Negro religious brother in our country. But, as he advances in strength and number, a definite attitude will certainly be crystallized and concrete action of some nature taken. We may look forward with wonder to what the future will bring in this strange and unexpected phenomenon among the races.

Benjamin Disraeli

(Continued from page 108)

merchant appeared to him like a Sultan in a fairy tale. He could not understand how they managed to attain such a marvelous brilliancy in their dyes. A common pair of slippers which the Turk used in the streets was tinged with a vermillion or a lake so extraordinary that he could compare their color to nothing but the warmest beam of a summer sunset. Feeling the need of expressing his pent-up enthusiasm, he poured himself out in long letters to his distinguished father, Isaac, who doubtless shrugged his shoulders and wondered if his coxcomb son would come to anything.

He Spurns "The Flesh"

"Life is a caravanserai, men come and go." Benjamin soon saw that there were two aspects to this old saying, so redolent of the East. There was life seen by men who wandered. And there was life seen by those who sat still and observed the wanderers come and go. For a while the latter mood possessed him. There was a charm in Oriental life, a charm of which the hectic Occident knew nothing; and it was—Repose. The philosophic calm of this life fed that side of him which was indolent and melancholy. "To repose on voluptuous ottomans," he wrote to his friend, Edward Lytton Bulwer, "daily to indulge in the luxuries of a bath which requires half a dozen attendants for its perfection; to court the air in a carved caïque, by shores which are a perpetual scene. . . this is, I think, a far more sensible life than all the bustle of clubs, all the boring of drawing-rooms, and all the coarse vulgarity of our political controversies."

This was one side of him, the Oriental sybarite, who, like the Grand Vizier he might have been, saw "a thousand sources of calm enjoyment, and a thousand modes of mellowed pleasure" open to him in the quiet luxury of the Orient; though, curiously enough, beloved as he was by women in the elegant coteries of the West, he never included a harem in his contemplations. A dreamer of dreams, fair faces troubled him, gave him indefinable pleasure; but he was not tormented by the itch of the flesh.

The repose of Oriental luxury was not the only kind of repose. In the plains of Syria, the land of his an-

cient forefathers, he was to see another kind, the repose of Oriental poverty. . . .

After lingering a while, moved at last by some hitherto repressed, now urging spirit, the young nomad raised his tent. . . .

On to Jerusalem!

6.

AT last—the plains of Syria! How could he have been so deceived, so beguiled by the dream of the genii revealed to him in Turkey? He was not a Turk, but a Jew. The plains of Syria revealed that to him clearly. An ancient spirit hovering in the holy silence of these plains animated him with new, strange ideas; new, because they were really so old: yes, old—but old only in the sense that deathless things are old. He was a Jew; that is, a member of the People of the Book. He was young; yet he was five thousand years old. There was memory in his ancient blood, and now suddenly it came back to him, in these wildernesses of Syria, a troubling old memory, yet conducive of peace—Repose. And in contemplating the hallowed place he understood; no outcast was he, begging for alms of European Lords and Ladies, but the scion of a regal, holy people, which already had had a culture and a civilization while the present masters were still barbarians, perhaps even savages, foraging in the wildernesses for food, which they brought to their primitive shelters. The Greeks, it was true, shared with the Jews in the making of modern civilization; yet the Greeks themselves were dead, while the Jews—well, they were still holding the torch of life aloft; their intellects were alive and unflaggingly went on in the creation of new life.

He Feels God's Presence

Pride filled young Benjamin. Was it so preposterous, after all, that one who counted David and Solomon and Judas Maccabeus among his ancestors should grace the seat of the Grand Vizier in the land of his adoption? Yet, as he surveyed these plains, upon which, with the imperishable Bedouins, he felt the indefinable yet palpable presence of God, he put all ambition from him. Upon him, bred in the artificial circles of corrupt civilization, the plains of Syria made a forcible impression. Wandering over these plains and deserts, and sojourning in those silent and beautiful cities, he experienced

all the serenity of mind which he could conceive to be the enviable portion of the old age of a virtuous life. . . . He remembered the cares of his past life which tore, the anxieties which corroded, the empty excitement which left nothing but shame and he was filled with pain at the memory. Again, he felt the vain pettiness of all human aspirations and undertakings. Such were his thoughts and feelings awakened by the plain of Syria.

He Gazes on Jerusalem!

Then—as he continued the journey—lo, and behold! There rose before him a ridge of stern and savage mountains. For hours he wandered in the wild, stony ravines of these shaggy rocks. At last he stood upon a high mountain. "Upon the opposite height, descending as a steep ravine, and forming the elevation on which I rested, a dark and narrow gorge, I beheld a city entirely surrounded by. . . an old wall, with towers and gates. . . . The city was in a bowl of mountains. . . . A variety of domes and towers rose in all directions from the buildings of bright stone. . . . Nothing could be conceived more wild, and terrible, and desolate than the surrounding scenery: more dark, and stormy, and severe; but the ground was thrown about in such picturesque undulations, that the mind full of the sublime, required not the beautiful. . . . The elevation on which I stood was the Mount of Olives, and the city on which I gazed was *Jerusalem!*"

Athens, bathed in its violet evanescence, had been beautiful; but Jerusalem, in its clear light and the contours of its landscape, was rugged, almost stark, and had its own terrifying beauty, which cut deep into Benjamin's heart. And as he stood there awe-struck, a host of images flashed by kaleidoscopically, let loose by a kind of mystical memory—persons, events, battles, rejoicings, lightnings, prophets thundering—and the mood of serenity, or repose, passed from him, and he felt himself filled with a new ambition, a new energy, and he was alive with an infusion of strength, which his people in a day long gone by had called the girding of their loins.

Even at that moment he knew he must go back, and that nothing was impossible—not even the realization of his preposterous dream.

By the Rivers of Babylon

(Continued from page 110)

ing to beseech Mordechai to return to his accustomed station in the king's threshold and make obeisance to Haman, lest the absence of one of the most powerful of the Jews of Susa be observed and give rise to bitterness and hatred more outspoken and more straightly aimed. Mordechai listened to the man in silence, remembering the while words spoken to himself privily by Ezra ben Seraiah in Babylon. Ardi-Nidib went so far as to hold up his hands in beseeching. And so at last Mordechai nodded and said: "I will go to my station in the king's gate as of old." He did not wholly know why he had spoken these words and therefore with given his promise. But as one whose purpose was breathed into him he knows not whence, he betook himself to this place in the king's gate whence one beheld the hall of three hundred columns and the coming and going of many people. Beside him stood the satrap of Bactria and a richly robed Babylonian noble of Gur and the Greek lord of one of the islands of the Ionian sea together with many dignitaries of the household of the king. With all these Mordechai exchanged courteous speech. He observed however, that they all poked, as was not their wont, with beated breath, as though a menace were among them and a blight upon their minds. And presently there was a movement and a stirring of people among the slender columns of the hall and the swift flash of many-colored robes and those who stood with Mordechai at the gate grew first rigid and next peered anxiously toward the hall. Thence, from beneath the columns, followed by a band of fawning slaves and lackeys, issued forth Haman ben Hamadetha. The Agagite was a tall, gross, swarthy man with eyes that shifted incessantly as with some secret fear, with great flat ungainly feet and a strange gait that seemed to want to be cringing and which he forced instead into an over-weening dignity. Forward he came with protruding belly and dragging feet and those shifty cruel eyes leaped, as it were, upon the men who stood in the king's gate, and straightway they fell upon their faces in obeisance to him whom the king had exalted. But Mordechai ben Yair remained standing. He knew not what force had kept him erect. He only knew that he could not grovel in the dust before that man. And

Haman stood still, stone still, and his eyes stopped moving and, across the prostrate bodies of the others, met for one moment the eyes of Mordechai. For one moment only and in that moment they were full of terror. They shifted, sultry now with rage. And the great flat feet in their heavy sandals tramped onward and the prostrate bodies beside Mordechai arose and the men who had humbled themselves regarded him with faint fear and stronger hatred because he had not shared their humiliation. And the satrap of Bactria, shaking the long hair of his head as though it were the mane of a charger, asked: "Why transgressest thou the king's commandment?" And hearing no immediate answer, he asked again: "Art thou not a *Yehudi*, a Jew?" And Mordechai drew himself up and raised his face to the heavens and their God and said: "I am."

From this day on his mood was gravely joyous. Once more, as he had not done for many months, he bade a few friends and kinsmen to a tranquil and not too numerous feast in his house and meanwhile kept his station in the king's gate and did not bow down to the insolent and sullen thick-lipped Amalekite when the latter passed by. No one spoke to him concerning the matter. Men in truth spoke not many words on any matter. A spirit of fear was abroad and none trusted his neighbor. But when the friends and kinsmen of Mordechai were assembled in his house and at his board, someone in the assembly took it upon himself to send the slaves away and first a silence fell in which no man lifted up his voice and then a hubbub arose from all voices speaking together. "There is a danger upon us," cried they, "and thou art the cause of it!" And one, bolder and more forward than the others, said: "They have told Haman that thou art a Jew and his heart is bitter with rage. He says if thou wert old or weak or known to be proud, he could bear with thee. But thou art known to bow down before the humblest teacher and scribe among thy people and to be gentle and courteous even toward poor men and outcasts. Therefore, he can neither sleep nor rest nor enjoy the glory wherewith the king has clothed him. And so in his sleepless nights he takes council with his wife, Zeresh, a cruel woman, who lashes her hand-maidens with whip and scourge, saying that neither power nor glory nor riches nor many sons avail him aught, so long as Mordechai the Jew

shames him daily on the very threshold of the king and that he will perish of the humiliation and the pain of this thing unless Mordechai and all his tribe, stiff-necked and wicked as of old, be ground into the very earth." The man, a tall, lean tax-farmer of the king, a man with a sullen eye and a greedy nose, ceased speaking. And several voices were raised at Mordechai's board. But these were suddenly cut short as with a knife, for from not far arose a sound of wailing, so bitter, so piercing and so drenched with woe, that all faces at that board blanched and all mouths opened and all eyes grew wide. It came nearer and nearer, that desperate ululation, and soon the hearers of this house knew of a certainty what they had from the first perceived, that they who wailed and sobbed and called upon the name of their God were men and women of their own people, were *Yehudim*, who had been stricken by some mighty terror and some unspeakable despair. The guests of Mordechai arose and drew their cloaks about them and looked at him out of the corners of their eyes only, and without farewell or thanks or greeting left him alone.

(To Be Continued Next Month.)

"Volodjka": An Unusual Convert

(Continued from page 102)

yacht I will take care of you. I will take you with me to France, see you through school, and you will learn a trade or profession. Afterwards you will go to Palestine a made man. I will see you through, if you go with me."

Volodjka made a negative motion with his head: "No, my dear Sir, I do not wish to go from here to any other place. I know exactly what I want, and it is to live in Palestine, and I am ready for it right now. And please, dear Sir, if you are willing to do all those good things for me in France, why won't you do the smaller thing for me and just let me land in Palestine?"

The Baron intervened and Volodjka was permitted to land. By now most of the family are with him, and the others, he hopes, will soon come. Strong, alert, quick as an arrow, with black, smiling eyes—this is Volodjka, Russian by birth, Jewish by faith, and happy by disposition.

Opportunities That Pass

(Continued from page 101)

honored burial ground of that city. Later generations of scholars have had occasion to be grateful for this antiquarian zeal. It will be a curious sign of decadence if, after all this lapse of time, the present generation shows itself apathetic in a similar matter.

It is not only stones, and bricks, and mortar which are threatened by the tendencies of today. Folk-lore in its fullest and widest meaning is in an equally precarious condition. Until comparatively recently, a specific Jewish dress was to be found in many parts of the world. Now, it is rapidly becoming discarded in favor of ordinary European clothing; in some lands, indeed, it has already entirely disappeared. It would be disastrous if all memory and record of it were to be lost. That, however, is far from unlikely, if modern tendencies continue. Up to little more than a century ago, tens of thousands of Jews living throughout Italy wore a specific red or yellow hat as their statutory badge of shame. For half a dozen years, the present writer has been attempting to trace a specimen, with the collaboration of influential and well-informed persons throughout the country. He has utterly failed. Steps should be taken without delay to safeguard against complete disappearance of the same sort in other quarters of the globe. The Jewish costume for all occasions and everywhere—in Poland, in India, in Arabia, in North Africa—should be photographed and minutely described in every detail. Puppets should be prepared and dressed by those in whom the old tradition is still alive. Ideally, an Ethnographical Collection might be formed, with life-size models dressed from top to toe in the actual wardrobes of those whom they are intended to depict. Thus, future generations would have before them faithful and permanent records of the Polish Rabbi of the generation which is passing, with his fur hat and gaberdine, and the Hassidim in their white Sabbath robes, and the Jews of Salonica with their finery brought with them long centuries ago from Spain, and the Moroccan Jewish brides with their weighty and picturesque finery, and the oppressed Jews of the Atlas with their black

skull caps and jackets and *ganephs*, and the women of Cochin, in far-off India, with their traditional wedding-garments and jewelry. Some of these categories may possibly retain their old traditions for a generation or so more. Others are disappearing before our very eyes. Steps must be taken at once if any permanent record is to be preserved.

With picturesque costume, one associates picturesque legend. It is to be found everywhere, from New York to Bombay, and from Stockholm to Sydney; tales of the establishment of the community, of departed worthies, of half-forgotten persecutions, of providential deliverances, of presumptive miracles, of strange local usages. More than one of the present writer's historical sketches has been based to a large extent upon legendary material collected on the spot; and he is convinced that a systematic enquiry might elicit material of the greatest interest and importance. One may find it among the Gentile population, too, in Spain or in Italy, whose credulous anti-Jewish legends are as important for the reconstruction of our past as any other, more sympathetic record of our own. In the Peninsula, indeed, the Passion Plays which still linger on in some places retain the medieval conception of the Jew, and the costumes and language associated with them deserve a close study from the point of view of Jewish history. The same applies to local celebrations, such as that of Corpus Christi at Segovia, commemorating the most tragic episode in the history of that community. But all of this is now disappearing fast, and something should be done to record it. The same applies to local ballads, and songs, and hymns, and tunes; the same applies, of course, to synagogal melodies, though something has been done through American enthusiasm in this direction. It is not out of place to mention also in this connection the Jewish dishes and delicacies of a former age, which a delicately-minded Italian publisher has recently entitled "Hidden Poetry."

More important than all of this is, of course, language. Every part of the Jewish world formerly had its own dialect, combining its vernacular, or its former vernacular, with typical Jewish turns of expression, of language, of pronunciation. Yid-

dish, or Judeo-German, and Ladin or Judeo-Spanish, are likely to survive for some time to come, and both have recently formed the object of scientific studies (though in both these dialects one hears of curious local expressions of unique archaeological significance which are fast disappearing). The same applies, to a certain degree, to Judeo-Arabic, Judeo-Italian, no less characteristic than any of these, is, however, dying before our eyes. Fortunately, competent scholars are at present engaged in a serious study of the subject. What, however, of Judeo-Provençal, spoken formerly by the isolated communities of the Papal possessions in southern France, grouped about Avignon? This, too, was once spoken generally by some thousands of persons. Now it is almost entirely forgotten. There cannot be more than half a dozen men and women now alive from whom any valuable guidance on the subject might be elicited. In ten years' time, perhaps there may not be even one. Even more extraordinary than the specific way of speaking the vernacular, which prevailed in these parts was the specific way of pronouncing Hebrew, which changed all of the syllables into *fs* and pronounced a familiar word like *Zizth* as *fifth*. Today there is perhaps only one person to whom this extraordinary system is completely familiar. Nothing is needed but a little patience and a couple of gramophone recording discs to insure that this amazing relic should not be lost to posterity.

The foregoing sketch touches only on a few outstanding examples of the records of the Jewish past which are today rapidly becoming submerged. No doubt, there are many more similar categories. However, there is no need to enlarge the list, for it is extremely unlikely that anything will be done to remedy matters. The professional Jewish scholars are profoundly indifferent; the non-professional are completely overlooked, and those who might subsidize research are another phenomenon fast disappearing from modern Jewish life. The time will come, however, when the value and the importance of these records will be recognized; and it is western Jewry of the twentieth century which will stand indicted before the bar of history for criminal negligence, without extenuating circumstances.

Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

ANOTHER GENTILE TESTIFIES

The November issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE contained an article entitled "Canada Needs Jewish Immigrants," by A. J. Paull, Executive Director of the Jewish Immigrant Aid Society of Canada. Mr. Paull sent a copy of that issue to Mr. A. A. Gardiner, Assistant General Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian National Railways, with offices in Montreal. Mr. Gardiner then sent the following letter to Mr. Paull:

"Thank you very much for the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. I read your article with especial interest, and with sympathetic appreciation, and then I read the whole magazine from cover to cover. I enjoyed it very much.

"With befitting dignity, and with strikingly fair-minded balance, it expresses a spirit of loyal attachment to the institutions and traditions you so justly cherish. And, may I permit myself to say so, where the superiority complex note is struck, (and it is proper for all of us to strike it in our own turn) it is struck in a decent way, with 'malice toward none, and with charity for all.'

"I thank you for this further opportunity you have given me to get again some little way nearer understanding your 'ancient, honorable people.'"

* * *

"SOLD" ON HILLEL

Editors, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I am a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and a graduate, if you please, of its B'nei B'rith Hillel Foundation. It seems to me that those people who are contributing to the support of this noble piece of work are doing a magnificent thing. Hillel, I am sure, has influenced me a very great deal. It developed within me a feeling that I must find a place for myself in my Jewish community, as well as in the community in which I was to take up my work.

Lest I make this instance too specific, please permit me to say that those friends of mine who also found Hillel aiding and guiding them during their University days are all becoming leaders in the Jewish communities in which they live. The finest thing that these Foundations are doing is preparing young men and women for just such niches in their various communities.

And I do not want to pass over the fact that to the University student while he is such, Hillel is giving a great deal. It furnishes him with spiritual stimulation, guides him out of many danger channels, and enables him to take his place proudly among other religious groups on the campus.

There are many, many more things I could say about Hillel, but just now I want to give you this word of encourage-

ment. Please keep your good work up in the face of everything, for it is very well worth while. I hope that each Hillel alumnus will get out in his community and do all he can for you. For the work must go forward.

(MRS. JULIUS) BERNICE MARK FEIGES.
Racine, Wis.

* * *

ENEMIES WITHIN THE GATE

Editors, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I read with great interest your editorial, "The Everlasting Scapegoat," in a recent issue. While the attitude of Hitler is the attitude of unseeing ignorance, there is without doubt a tendency on the part of many of our large commercial Jewish establishments to employ men to handle branches of their business because they are able to "deliver the goods" by fair means or foul. In general, I should say, the attitude of the Jew is that he must retain good will, deal honestly, and not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The majority of employees, however, care nothing about good will. Their only ambition is to get as much as possible—quickly. The Jew who has built up a large business is likely not to know what many of his employees are doing, and when trouble springs up, he gets the blame, as owner.

Here is an example. After my father's death, my mother and I took over the management of his theater, in Paris, Ill. Some Ku Klux men tried to put us out of business by opening an opposition theater, but failed to do so. They then ran to the largest chain theater organization in the country dominated, controlled, and managed by Jews—and urged it to take over their theater, tie up pictures against us, and obtain control of the theater business of the community. The chain organization's agent, a non-Jew,

recommended the deal to his head office, without explaining the anti-Semitic situation of course; the merger went through.

It was only after several months of operation that the truth came to the Jewish heads of the chain, and they partially righted the wrong, but not before much damage had been done.

I could multiply examples endlessly, if space permitted. Let Jewish-owned organizations look within the ranks of their own employees for their Hitlers, and weed them out.

Paris, Ill. * * * LEON JARODSKY.

A "FOUNDER READER"

Editors, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I have been a reader of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE ever since the first issue was published, and enjoy its contents from cover to cover more than any periodical that comes to my home.

I do not believe that any of you know how much the magazine is appreciated, because in my travels in foreign countries I have heard praise of it from those who are not members, but whose friends forward the magazine to them; and only a few weeks ago two friends of mine living in Mexico City, who are not members of the Order, received copies of the magazine sent them by friends. After reading them they were loud in their praise and told me that they enjoyed the magazine more than any paper or periodical they received.

I wish you all success.

ARCHIBALD A. MARX.
New Orleans, La. * * *

FROM THE "UNION"

Editors, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Please accept our sincere thanks for your kindly reference to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations in a recent issue of your magazine.

You will be pleased to learn that we are receiving a very gratifying response to our efforts to make our Jewish laymen "missionary-minded" so far as their Jewish brethren are concerned.

Correspondence from all parts of the United States seems to indicate that a spirit of discouragement has taken hold of the smaller communities. Rabbis write us that their lay leaders are frequently guilty of permitting their congregational business "to take care of itself." To combat this situation, we have been conducting a large number of inter-congregational and inter-city meetings throughout the Southland, the Central States, and the Northeast States, where we have regional rabbis. We are told that this is quite effective in raising the tone of congregational interest.

There is no way of being certain of anything in view of the degeneration. They say that all signs fail in dry weather.

Cincinnati, O. * * * GEORGE ZEPIN, Sec'y.

JEWISH CALENDAR

1933

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Fast of Tebeth..... | Sun. Jan. 8 |
| Rosh Chodesh Shevat..... | Sat. Jan. 28 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Adar..... | Mon. Feb. 27 |
| **Fast of Esther..... | Sat. Mar. 11 |
| Purim..... | Sun. Mar. 12 |
| Rosh Chodesh Nissan..... | Tues. Mar. 28 |
| 1st Day of Passover..... | Tues. Apr. 11 |
| 8th Day of Passover..... | Tues. Apr. 18 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Iyar..... | Thurs. Apr. 27 |
| Lab B'Omer..... | Sun. May 14 |
| Rosh Chodesh Sivan..... | Fri. May 26 |
| Shavuoth..... | Weds. May 31 |
| | Thurs. June 1 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Tammuz..... | Sun. June 25 |
| Fast of Tammuz..... | Tues. July 11 |
| Rosh Chodesh Ab..... | Mon. July 24 |
| Tisha B'Ab..... | Tues. Aug. 1 |
| *Rosh Chodesh Elul..... | Weds. Aug. 23 |

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the days designated.

* Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

** Fast observed on previous Thursday.



He Agreed

MR. RIVKIN was running for the state legislature. During the campaign he delivered many addresses, and after one of these, an acquaintance came up to him to shake hands.

"Your words," said the acquaintance, "were so true that I am sure all honest people will be on your side."

"Yes," sighed Rivkin, "that's what I'm afraid of; I can never win."

Doctor's Orders

DR. KLEIN: "Eli, if you smoke less, eat less, drink less, and go to bed early every night, you may live another fifty years."

Eli: "What will there be to live for?"

A Recommendation

A CLIENT came to a *shadchan* to discuss terms, etc. The *shadchan*, who was not content to let his record speak for itself, began to boast of his great successes of the past, in order to impress the prospect.

"People married with my help," he declared proudly, "are so well satisfied with my services that even after they get divorced they always return to me again."

She Took A Chance

LITTLE Helen Minsky, age 5, was naughty one day. Fearing a whipping, she ran to her mother immediately, and said:

"Mother, don't punish me. Let God punish me."

But Not Eretz Yisroel

THE rabbi of a certain small town had one characteristic with which the children of his religious school always found fault. He would pop into the class suddenly and without warning, and ask questions which were not always easy to answer.

One day he came in, looked around, and then asked: "Children, where is Zion?"

The children were startled, and no one answered, even after the rabbi

START the New Year right by sending in all your pungent Jewish jokes to this page. Someone has said that what America needs is one great big laugh. The same holds true for American Jewry. The following have done their share toward this end, and are consequently winners of books this month: Relna Shay, Hot Springs, Ark.; Mrs. S. K. Sykes, Baltimore; Mrs. Boris Brutskus, Berlin, Germany; Phyllis Baron, Taunton, Mass.; and I. Gordon, Providence, R. I.

had repeated his question: "Who can tell me where Zion is?"

Then a little girl raised her hand.

"There it is, rabbi," she cried triumphantly, pointing to the blackboard.

"Where?" cried the rabbi, mystified.

"Right on the blackboard," answered the child, pointing to the Hebrew alphabet, "aleph, beth, gimmel, daled, hay, vov, zion!"

Yes, When?

LITTLE Sarah came running to her mother, breathless.

"What are you so excited about, dear?" asked her mother, smiling.

"I just saw Sonya kissing Joseph, the yeshiva student!" cried the little girl.

"That's all right," answered her mother. "They are announcing their betrothal this Sunday."

"Oh!" answered Sarah thoughtfully. Then she asked: "Mother, when will papa and our cook announce their betrothal?"

A Good Reply

"WELL," said Jake expansively to his wife when they returned home from their honeymoon, "now that we're married I can tell you all the faults I object to in your character."

"Wait a minute!" cut in Miriam, sarcastically, "it won't be necessary.

They are the same faults which prevented me from getting a better husband!"

Catty Consolation

YOUNG Mrs. Levinson and her best friend were in the midst of one of those delicious afternoons during which two women confess their innermost secrets to each other.

"Oh, Ella," she sighed tragically, "I am most unhappy. I am convinced that my husband married me only for my money."

"Well, my dear," answered Ella, "at least you have the consolation of knowing that he is not as stupid a man as you used to think him."

Original With Somebody

"WHO was the author of the joke you just told, Sam?"

"I originated it myself."

"Really, I didn't know you were that old?"

All Hot

FATHER (examining his son, Mose, in general knowledge): "Now, Mose, name the four seasons."

Mose (after much thought): "Salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard."

A Caggy Child

TEACHER: "How old is a person who was born in 1875?"

Little Rebecca: "Man or woman?"

Why Not Gold?

MOISHE: "Let's celebrate our silver wedding anniversary next week."

Frieda: "But we've been married only ten years."

Moishe: "I know that, but the depression being what it is, we could use the silver."